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# CHILDHOOD SONGS



NOW THE NIGHT IS O'ER - DAY HAS LENT A CHOR

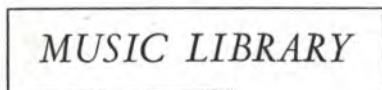
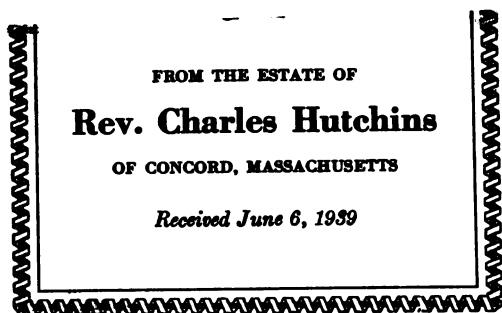
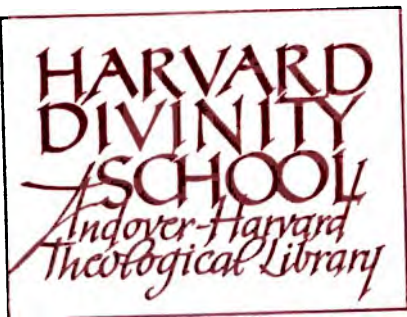


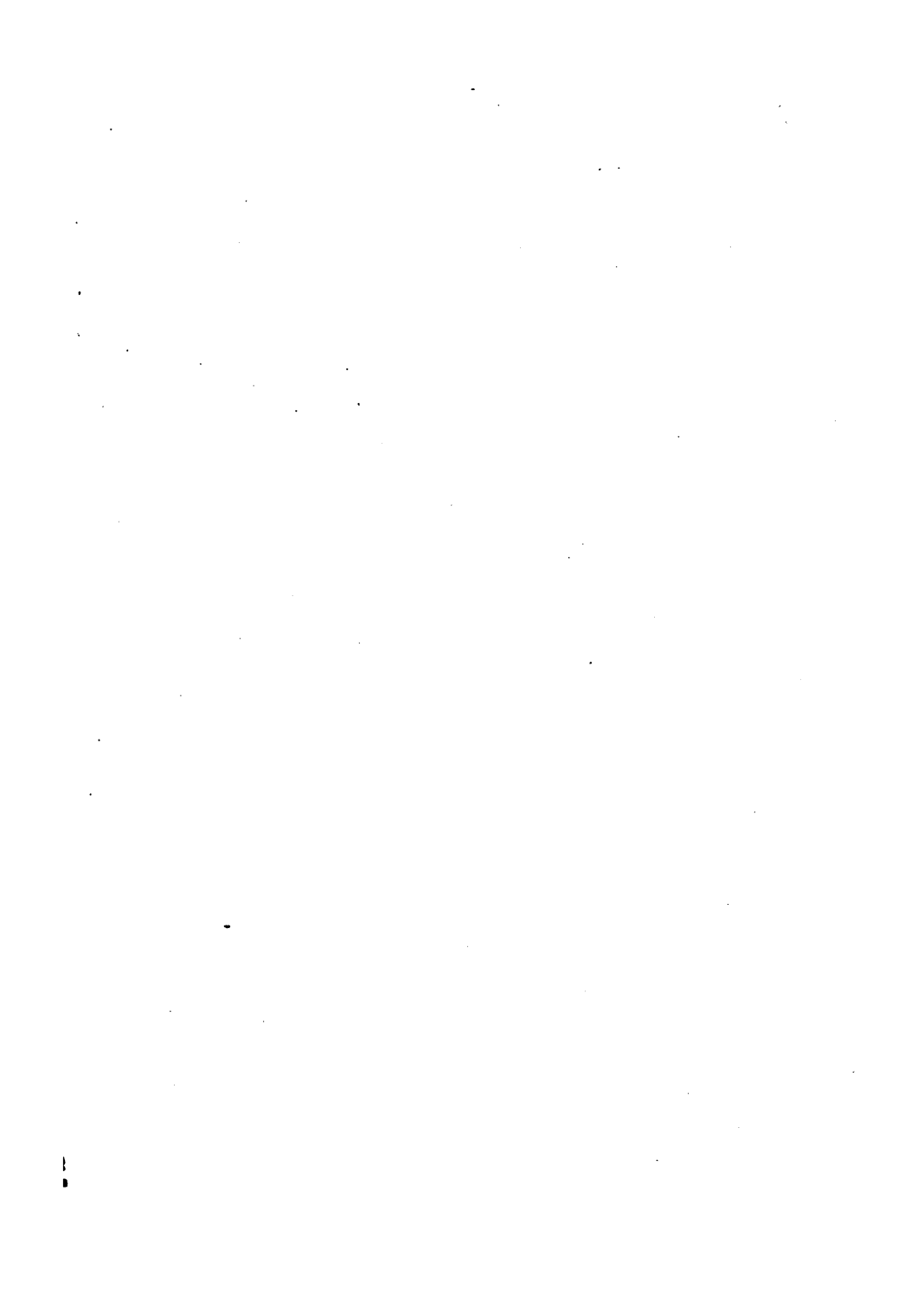
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1420 CHESTNUT ST.  
PHILADELPHIA

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ST. LOUIS  
DALLAS  
ATLANTA

193  
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398







# CHILDHOOD SONGS

A BOOK OF WORDS AND  
MUSIC FOR PRIMARY  
CLASSES AND THE HOME

EDITED BY  
MIRA and MABEL ROWLAND

*1st Edition*

*Ch.H*



PHILADELPHIA  
A. J. ROWLAND—1420 Chestnut Street  
1898

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

---

"Childhood Songs" has been prepared to meet a demand for a first-class book for the primary department in Sunday-schools and for home use among the little folks. It is the outgrowth, in great part, of an experience of several years in primary work. Most of its melodies have been subjected to practical tests which have demonstrated their adaptedness to the powers and tastes of little children. As will be seen, these melodies align themselves with the newer music of the day. They will be found on trial to be as simple as they are sweet and harmonious. Great attention has been given to the words as well as to the music. The hymns are within the comprehension of the youngest child, but the truths and sentiments they express are of the highest order and in the best form. The editors have done their utmost to combine variety with excellence. It is believed that there is not a single page which will not be found available and helpful.

The thanks of the editors and publisher are due and are hereby tendered to Prof. D. Batchellor, Thomas G. Shearman, Margaret Bradford Morton, Caro A. Dugan, Helen H. Cobb, Lucy Rider Meyer, W. H. Doane, Theo. F. Seward, Chas. L. Hutchins, T. E. Perkins, The Century Co., The Oliver Ditson Co., and others, for the use of words and music; to Dr. E. H. Johnson and Prof. D. Batchellor for valuable suggestions; and to Rev. E. E. Ayres for reading and revising proof.





# CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1

## From Quiet Night.

D. BATCHELLOR.

*Andante.*

1. From qui - et night, The sun's bright light Wakes us, the morning

The first system of musical notation for the song 'From Quiet Night'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics '1. From quiet night, The sun's bright light Wakes us, the morning' are written below the notes.

bring - ing, O God, thy care Is ev - 'ry-where, To

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'bring - ing, O God, thy care Is ev - 'ry-where, To' are written below the notes.

thee our songs we're sing - ing, To thee our songs we're sing - ing.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the first verse. The lyrics 'thee our songs we're sing - ing, To thee our songs we're sing - ing.' are written below the notes.

2 By this sweet rest  
Thou hast us blest,  
Our strength again renewing,  
And this, to-day  
We'll use, and pray,  
O Father, bless our doing,  
O Father, bless our doing.

2

## Morning Bright.

M. R.

Once more the sun sheds brightness on The day the chil - dren love;  
For rest at night, and morning light, We thank the Lord a - bove.

The musical score for 'Morning Bright' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

3

## Child's Morning Hymn.

REBECCA J. WESTON.

D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;  
For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.

The musical score for 'Child's Morning Hymn' is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/2. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2 Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do, in work or play,  
To love thee better day by day.

# Child's Morning Hymn.

(Second Tune.)

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



1. Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;



For rest and food and lov- ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.



2 Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good;  
In all we do, in work or play,  
To love thee better day by day.

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## Morning Prayer.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

1. Fa - ther in heav - en, help Thy lit - tle chil - dren

To love and serve thee through - out this day;

Help us to be truth - ful, help us to be kind - ly,


That we may please thee in all we do or say.

2 Dear Lord, we pray thee, keep thy little children  
From doing wrong through this happy day;  
Hear our morning promise, Father help us keep it,  
That we may bless thee in all we do or say.

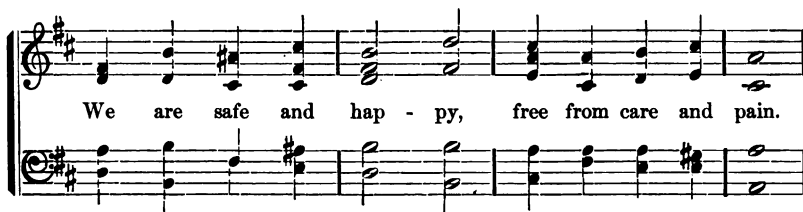
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## Morning Prayer.

N. A. S.



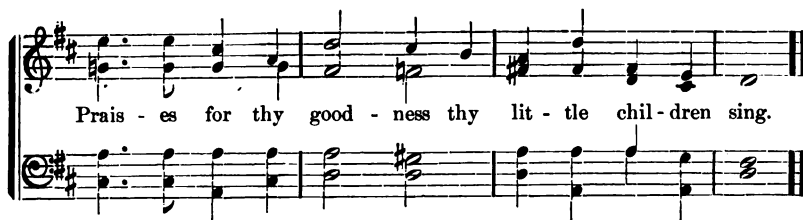
1. Now the night is o - ver, day has come a - gain,



We are safe and hap - py, free from care and pain.



For these things, our Fa - ther, lov - ing thanks we bring,



Prais - es for thy good - ness thy lit - tle chil - dren sing.

2 In the hours before us, in their work and play,  
 Let us all be loving, kind in all we say;  
 Try to please each other, try to do the right,  
 Make the day a glad one, and thank thee for its light!

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6

## God is There.

1. When o'er earth is break - ing Ro - sy light and fair,

Morn a - far is tell - ing Sweet-ly, God is there, Sweetly, God is there.

2 When the Spring is wreathing  
Flowers rich and rare,  
On each leaf is written  
Nature's God is there,  
Nature's God is there.

7

## Morning Prayer.

REINECKE.

1. Great God in heav'n Who by my bed thy  
2. I thank thee, Lord, and Fa - ther mild, and

faith - ful watch did'st keep, And night's best bless - ings  
all thine an - gels too, And pray thee still to

## Morning Prayer.—Concluded.

o'er me shed, sweet rest and balm - y sleep;  
help thy child thy ho - ly will to do.

8

## Morning.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries  
When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O, hark to what it sings,

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

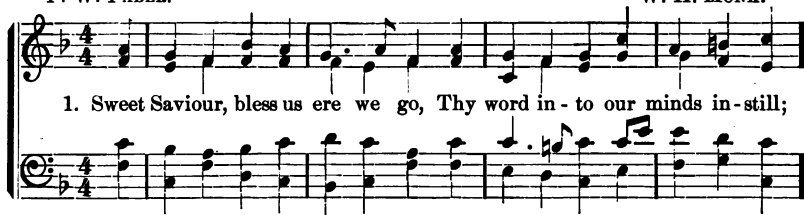


9

## Closing Hymn.

F. W. FABER.

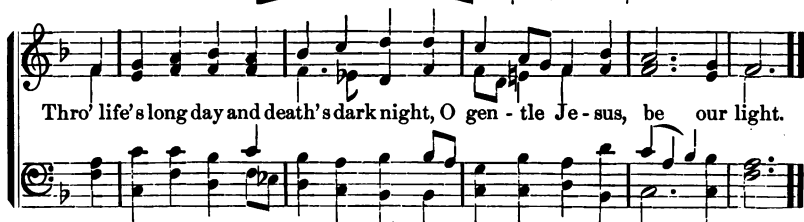
W. H. MONK.



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in-still;



And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fervent will.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful unto thee we call;  
O let thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's  
dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

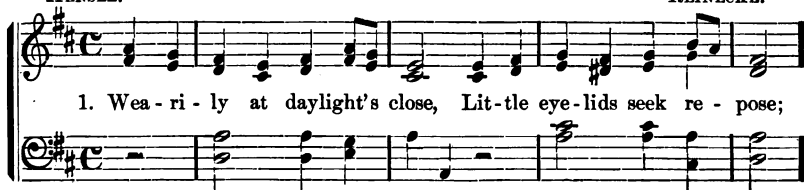
3 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come,  
Thro' night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer thee.  
Through life's long day and death's  
dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

10

## Evening Prayer.

HENSEL.

REINECKE.



1. Wea - ri - ly at daylight's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re - pose;

## Evening Prayer.—Concluded.

Lord, as here in bed I lie, Watch me with a Fa-ther's eye.

2 Parents, brothers, sisters dear,  
Have them in thy heav'nly care;  
All mankind, whoe'er they be,  
Let them find repose in thee.

3 Sick and weary, all who weep,  
Father close their eyes in sleep;  
Let the great moon from the sky  
O'er the world shine silently.

11

## Good-Bye Song.

Our Sun-day School is o-ver, And we are go-ing home;

TEACHER.

Good - bye, good - bye; Be al - ways kind and true,

SCHOLARS.

Good - bye, good - bye, We will be kind and true.

In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left; or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

## Daylight From the Sky Has Faded.

D. BATCHELOR.

*mp* *p*

1. Day-light from the sky has faded, Shadows fall o'er land and sea;

*m* *mf*

Ere in sleep our eyes are shaded, Lord, we lift our hearts to thee.

*mp* *cres* *dec* *do.*

Take not thou thy light away, Fair-er than the light of day.

*mf* *dim* *e* *rall.*

Fa-ther, let thy presence cheer us, Darkness flies when thou art near us.

2 Flowers, amid the calm of even,  
Lift their heads, refresh'd with dew,  
Weary hearts look up to heaven,  
There to find their strength anew;  
Thus we thirst for thee, O Lord;  
Let thy grace on us be poured,  
Cleanse and pardon and restore us,  
Shed the dew of blessing o'er us.

3 Babes, their trustful eyelids closing,  
Slumber on their mother's breast;  
Little birds, in peace reposing,  
Under parentwings find rest:  
Whither shall thy children flee,  
Heavenly Father, but to thee?  
Thou wilt watch, while, in thy keeping,  
Calm and peaceful, we are sleeping.

## When the Little Children Sleep.

REINECKE.

*Andante.*

1. When the lit - tle children sleep, Lit-tle stars are wak - ing; Angels bright from  
 2. When the lit - tle children wake, Lit-tle stars are sleep - ing; Angels bright in

heaven come, And till morn is breaking, They will watch the live-long night, By their beds till  
 raiment white, Still their watch are keeping; They will watch by night or day, Never let them

morning light, When the little children sleep, Stars and an-gels watch do keep.  
 go a-stray, When the lit-tle children wake, When the lit-tle children wake.

## Eventide.

Words arr. M. R.

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;

The first system of musical notation for 'Eventide.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;' are written below the treble staff.

The dark - ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide ;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'The dark - ness deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide ;' are written below the treble staff.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,' are written below the treble staff.

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.' are written below the treble staff.

2 Though night descend, the darkness holds no fear;  
 No harm can come while Thou art ever near!  
 Grant me o'er sin and wrong the victory,  
 All through my life, dear Lord, abide with me.

15

## Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

From Kilburn Hymns.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. Hear thy chil-dren, gen-tle Je-sus, While we breathe our eve'ning prayer;

Save us from all harm and dan-ger, Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

- 2 Shield us from the wiles of Satan  
From the perils of this night ;  
Safely may the guardian angels  
Keep us in their watchful sight.  
3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity  
From thy glorious throne above ;

- Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful,  
Still for us it beats with love.  
4 Shades of evening fast are falling,  
Day is fading into gloom ;  
When our earthly life is ended,  
Lead thy ransomed children home.

16

## Sylvester.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, tender Shepherd, hear me ; Bless thy lit-tle lamb to-night ;

Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

- 2 All this day thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care ;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed  
Listen to my evening prayer : [me,

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;  
Bless the friends I love so well ;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

17

## Cradle Song.

ANNA WARNER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. O lit-tle child, lie still and sleep; Je-sus is here, Thou need'st not fear;  
No one need fear whom God doth keep By day or night, By day or night;  
Then lay thee down in slumber deep, Till morning light, Till morning light.

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Salvation," by T. E. Perkins.

2 O little child, be still and rest,—

He sweetly sleeps

Whom Jesus keeps,—

And in the morning wake so blest,

His child to be,

His child to be;

Love every one, but love him best,—

He first loved thee,

He first loved thee.

3 O little child, when thou must die,

Fear nothing then,

But say, "Amen"

To God's command, and quiet lie

In his kind hand,

In his kind hand.

Till he shall say, "Dear child, come, fly

To heaven's bright land,

To heaven's bright land."

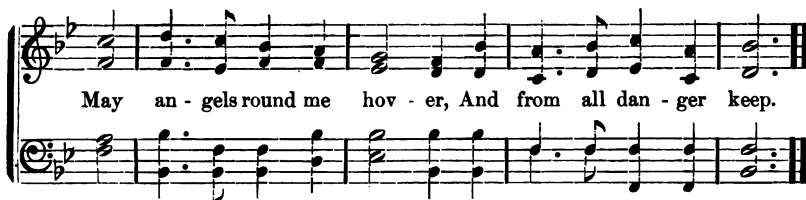
18

## The Day is Past.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The day is past and o-ver, I lay me down to sleep,

## The Day is Past.—Concluded.



2 I thank the bounteous Giver  
For all his gifts this day;  
And pray that I may ever,  
His care with love repay.

3 I pray him to forgive me  
For every sin this day,  
And always strength to give me,  
His statutes to obey.

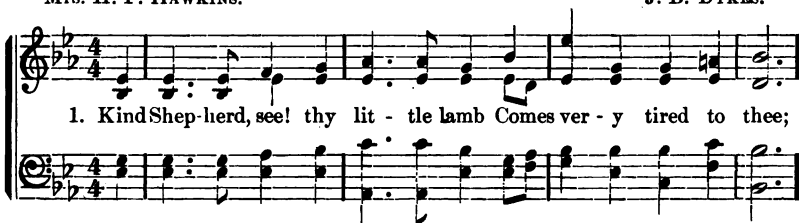
4 I pray him to awake me,  
At early morning gleam;  
And when I die to take me,  
To dwell in heaven with him.

19

## Evening Hymn.

Mrs. H. P. HAWKINS.

J. B. DYKES.



2 I've wandered from thy fold to-day,  
And would not hear thee call;  
And oh! I was not happy then,  
Nor glad at all.

3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,  
And follow close to thee  
Thro' flow'ry meads and pastures green,  
And happy be.

4 Thou kind, good Shepherd! in thy fold  
I evermore would keep.  
In morning's light and evening's shade,  
And while I sleep.

5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay  
My head upon thy breast;  
I am too tired to tell thee more,  
Thou know'st the rest.



20

## Sun of My Soul.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE.

P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not  
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried

night if thou be near; Oh! may no earth-born  
eye-lids gent-ly steep, Be my last thought, how

cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.  
sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I can not live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

21

## Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,

## Now the Day is Over.—Concluded.

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose,  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches  
May thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching 'round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise,  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

## 22

## Jesus, Meek, and Gentle.

G. R. Prynn.

German. arr. by W. H. Monk.

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear thy chil-dren's cry.

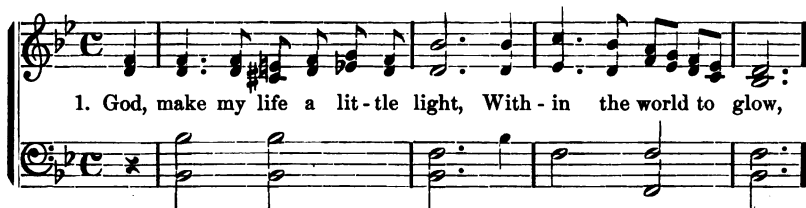
2 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus  
To the realms above.

3 Lead us on our journey,  
Be thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

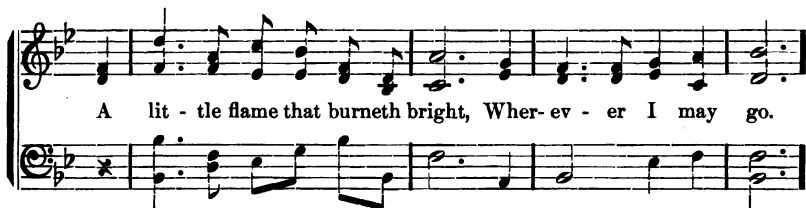
# 23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

Mrs. EDWARDS.

D. BATCHELLOR.

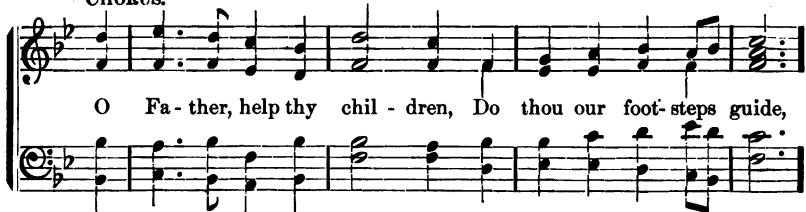


1. God, make my life a lit-tle light, With - in the world to glow,

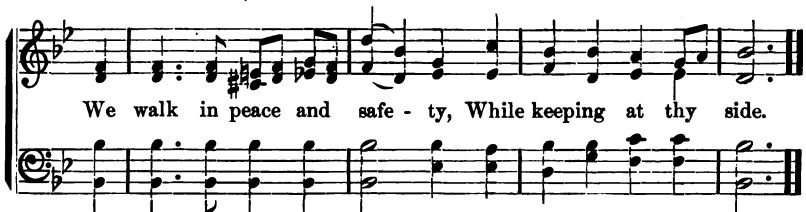


A lit - tle flame that burneth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go.

## CHORUS.



O Fa - ther, help thy chil - dren, Do thou our foot-steps guide,



We walk in peace and safe - ty, While keeping at thy side.

2 God, make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although the place be small.

3 God, make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest,  
That so what health and strength I have,  
May serve my neighbor best.

4 God, make my life a little song,  
That comforteth the sad,  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

5 God, make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise.—  
Of faith, that never waxeth dim  
In all his wondrous ways.

## 23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS. (Second Tune.)

R. JACKSON.

1. God, make my life a lit-tle light, With-in the world to glow,  
A lit-tle flame that burneth bright, Wherev-er I may go.

## 24 Saviour, Who Thy Flock.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

Rev. EDMUND S. CARTER.

1. Saviour! who thy flock art feeding With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
All the fee-ble gen-tly leading, While the lambs thy bos-om share.

2 Never from thy pasture roving.  
Let them be the lion's prey;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving.  
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

3 Then, within thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

# 25 Jesus, who Calledst Little Ones to Thee.

C. C. BELL.

C. H. PURDAY.

1. Je - sus, who call-edst lit - tle ones to thee, To thee I come; O, takemy  
hand in thine and speak to me, And lead me home; Lest from the path of  
life my feet should stray, And Sa - tan prow-ling make thy lamb his prey.

- 2 I love to think that thou with holy feet  
My path hast trod,  
Along life's common lane and dusty street  
Hast walked with God.  
On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath  
And served thy parents dear at Nazareth.
- 3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine  
(So full of sin)  
As holy, harmless, undefiled as thine  
And dwell therein.  
Then, God my Father, I, like thee, shall know,  
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.
- 4 To thee my Saviour, then, with morning light,  
Glad songs I'll raise,  
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright  
With silent praise.  
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,  
Thy will shall be my law, thy love my joy.

## Jesus, Holy, Undefined.

Mrs. E. SHEPCOTE.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child :

Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine  
O'er this glorious world of thine,  
Warmth to give and pleasant glow,  
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,  
Chirping gaily in the skies ;  
Thee their tiny voices praise,  
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,  
Give to me my daily bread ;  
And thy Holy Spirit give,  
Without whom I cannot live.

## Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.

J. E. LEESON.

Tune.—“Jesus, Holy, Undefined.”

1 Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Keep thy lambs, in safety keep ;  
Nothing can thy power withstand ;  
None can pluck us from thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, thou did'st give  
Thine own life that we might live ;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 We would praise thee every day,  
Gladly all thy will obey,  
Like the blessed ones above,  
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear ;  
Suffer not our steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where thou leadest we would go,  
Walking in thy steps below  
Till before our Father's throne  
We shall know as we are known.

## Prayer.

T. B. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus, from thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright, blue sky,  
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

2 Little hearts may love thee well,  
Little lips thy love may tell,  
Little hymns thy praises swell:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lives may be divine,  
Little deeds of love may shine,  
Little ones be wholly thine:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Be thou with us every day,  
In our work and in our play,  
When we learn and when we pray:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 When we lie asleep at night,  
Ever may thy angels bright,  
Keep us safe till morning light:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 May we ever try to be  
From all sinful tempers free,  
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
May our words be true and mild,  
Make us each a holy child:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Son of God, most high,  
Who didst in a manger lie,  
Who upon the cross didst die:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 Jesus, whom we hope to see,  
Calling us, in heaven to be  
Happy evermore with thee:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

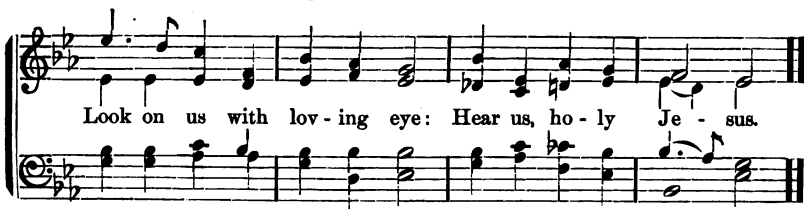
## Prayer.

(Second Tune.)

E. BUNNETT.

1. Je - sus, from thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright, blue sky,

## Prayer.—Concluded.



Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

2 Little children need not fear,  
When they know that thou art near,  
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to thee,  
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,  
And our careful Shepherd be:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

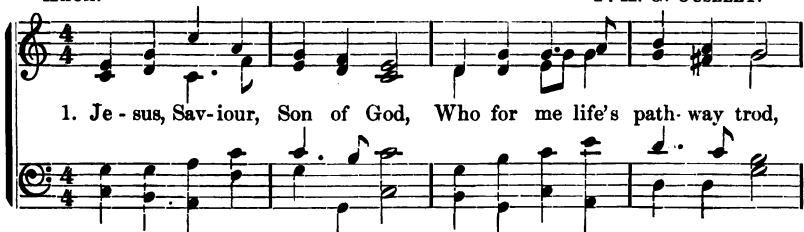
4 Little lives may be divine,  
Little deeds of love may shine,  
Little ones be wholly thine:  
Hear us, holy Jesus.

29

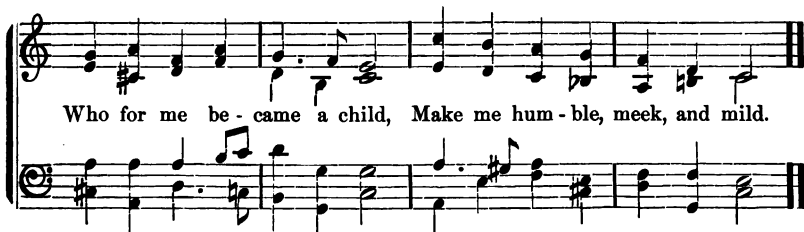
## Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.

Anon.

F. A. G. OUSELEY.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, Son of God, Who for me life's path-way trod,



Who for me be - came a child, Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.

2 I thy little lamb would be,  
Jesus, I would follow thee;  
Samuel was thy child of old,  
Take me, too, within thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to thee,  
Make me wholly heavenly;  
Let me love what thou dost love,  
Let me live with thee above.



30

## Little Lambs.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair, Are the shepherd's con - stant care;

Now he leads their ten - der feet, In - to past - ures green and sweet.

2 Now they listen and obey,  
Following where he leads the way;  
Heavenly Father, may we be  
Thus obedient unto thee.

31

## Prayer.

C. WESLEY.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Lamb of God, I look to thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

## Prayer.—Concluded.

2 Fain I would be as thou art;  
Give me thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill,  
God my heavenly Father's will,  
Never his good Spirit grieve,  
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,  
Live thyself within my heart.

32

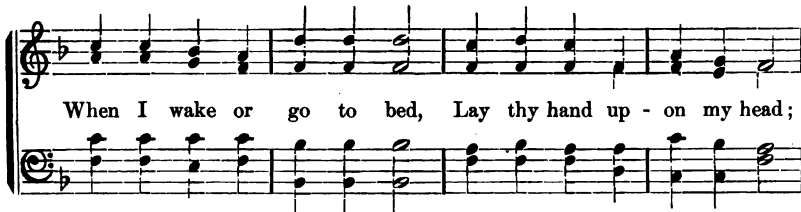
## My Saviour Dear.

T. PALGRAVE.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.



1. Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wast a lit - tle one like me,



When I wake or go to bed, Lay thy hand up - on my head;



Let me feel thee ve - ry near, Je - sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear.

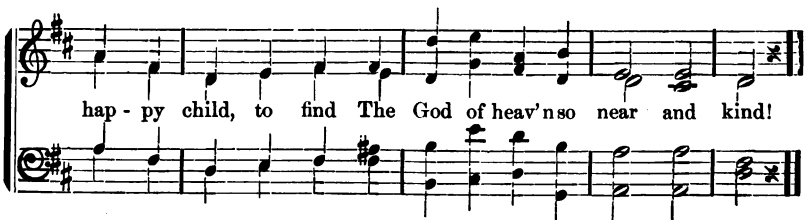
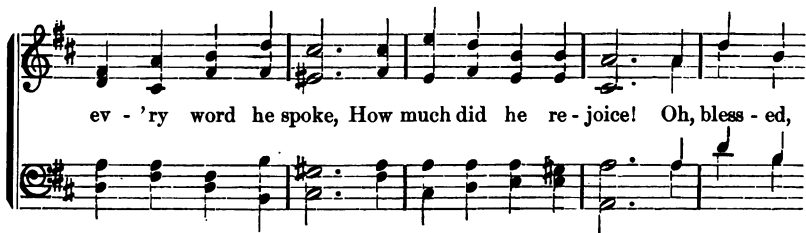
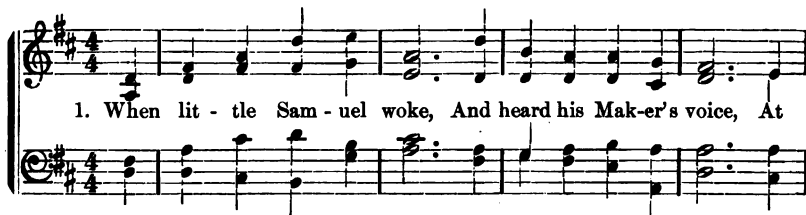
2 Stay beside me in the light,  
Close beside me all the night,  
Make me gentle, kind, and true,  
Do what mother bids me do.  
Help and cheer me when I fret,  
And forgive when I forget.

3 Thou art near me when I pray,  
Though thou art so far away;  
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,  
Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.  
Thou that once on mother's knee,  
Wast a little child like me.

## When Little Samuel Woke.

JANE TAYLOR.

Dr. C. STEGGALL.



2 If God would speak to me,  
And say he was my Friend,  
How happy I should be!  
Oh, how would I attend!  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?  
Oh, yes; for in his word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God that Samuel heard;  
In almost every page I see  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care  
May safely rest my head;  
I know that God is there  
To guard my humble bed;  
And every sin I well may fear  
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,  
Whene'er I read thy word,—  
"Speak, Lord, I would obey  
The voice that I have heard:"  
And when I in thy house appear,  
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

FRANCIS POTT.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round thy

throne of light, An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night: Thous - ands on - ly

live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mental eye can scan,  
Can it be that thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
Of thine own to thee;  
And for thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,  
In our choicest melody.

## From the Far Blue Heaven.

Words arr. by N. A. S.  
*f Andantino.*

REINECKE.

1. From the far blue heaven, Where the angels dwell, God looks down on children  
 2. Hap-py lit-tle children, Hear the truth we tell, God will not for-get you,

Whom he loves so well; He will like a father give them Ev'ry day their bread,  
 For he loves you well; Just as he loves all the birdies, All the flow'rs and trees,

To the end will keep them Safe from fear and dread. From the far blue heaven,  
 So he loves his children, And their trouble sees. Happy lit-tle children,

## From the Far Blue Heaven.—Concluded.

Where the angels dwell, God looks down on children Whom he loves so well.  
Hear the truth we tell, God will not for - get you, For he loves you well.

The musical score is for a song in G major, 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a final chord in G major.

36

## The Violet.

Adapted by M. R.

REINECKE.

1. O vio - let, dar - ling vio - let, I pray thee tell to me,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Violet.' is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and lyrical, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

Why art thou the first flow'r - et That blooms up - on the lea?

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It maintains the same key signature and time signature, with the piano part featuring some chordal textures.

2 Because I am so tiny,  
That is the reason why,  
Were other flowers near me  
You all would pass me by.

C

3 Our Father made thee, violet,  
And loves thee, tho' so small;  
And we're his little children,  
And know he loves us all.

33

37

## Glory to the Father Give.

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. R. AHLE.

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;

Chil - dren's pray'rs he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Glory to the Son we bring;<br/>Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;<br/>Children, raise your sweetest strain<br/>To the Lamb, for he was slain.</p> | <p>3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;<br/>Be this day a Pentecost;<br/>Children's minds may he inspire,<br/>Touch their tongues with holy fire.</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the word that "God is love."

38

## Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.

M. R.

Adapted from Novello.

1. Lord, who lov - est lit - tle chil - dren, Hear us as we pray to thee.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Thou who lived a holy child life,<br/>Help us to be pure like thee.</p> <p>3 In our school-time and our playing,<br/>Make us gentle, Lord, like thee.</p> | <p>4 Guard our lips from every evil,<br/>Help us to be true like thee.</p> <p>5 When to anger we are tempted,<br/>Help us to be meek like thee.</p> |
|--|---|

## Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.—Concluded.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>6 Thou did'st live thy life for others,<br/>Make us helpful, Lord, like thee.</p> <p>7 What thou sendest, pain or pleasure,<br/>Help us all to bear for thee.</p> | <p>8 Thou on earth wast ever loving<br/>Make us ever more like thee.</p> <p>9 Lord who lovest little children,<br/>Hear us as we pray to thee.</p> |
|--|--|

## 39 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY ANN THREUPP.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tenderest care; }  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare: }

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,

Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou hast promised to receive us,<br/>Poor and sinful though we be;<br/>Thou hast mercy to relieve us,<br/>Grace to cleanse, and power to free:<br/>Blessed Jesus,<br/>We will early turn to thee.</p> | <p>3 Early let us seek thy favor;<br/>Early let us do thy will;<br/>Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,<br/>With thy love our bosoms fill:<br/>Blessed Jesus,<br/>Thou hast loved us, love us still.</p> |
|---|--|



40

## See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands With  
all en - gag - ing charms; See how he calls the  
ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

41

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

TUNE.—See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
"Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one  
Stoop down and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
And now I live in him.

## Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, *rit.* FINE.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

*D. C. Chorus.*

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears;  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er;  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

## The World Looks Very Beautiful.

ANNA B. WARNER.

F. C. MAKER.

1. The world looks ver - y beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me;

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The sun shines out in glo - ry On ev - 'rything I see:

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I know I shall be hap - py, While in the world I stay,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.

The fourth system concludes the song with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## The World Looks Very Beautiful.—Concluded.

2 I'm but a little pilgrim,  
My journey's just begun;  
They say I shall meet sorrow  
Before my journey's done;  
The world is full of sorrow  
And suffering they say;  
But I will follow Jesus  
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,  
Whatever I may meet,  
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,  
And lay at Jesus' feet;  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away:  
With joy I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,  
And pain I need not fear,  
For when I'm close by Jesus,  
Grief cannot come too near;  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day  
To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

44

### Praise.

D. A. THRUPP.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. Come, Christian chil- dren, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his love,  
And loudest praises give  
To him who left his throne above,  
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,  
And read in every page  
The promise made to earliest youth,  
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,  
Who with his own right arm  
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,  
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of his grace,  
Who made and keeps you his,  
And guides you to th' appointed place,  
At his right hand in bliss.

## I Would be Thy Little Lamb.

JOHN ADCOCK.

1. I would be thy lit - tle lamb, Sav-iour dear, Sav-iour dear;

Wilt thou take me as I am? Hast thou room for me?

Wilt thou lead me all the day, In the straight and nar - row way?

Shall I nev - er, nev - er stray, Bless - ed One, from thee?

2 When I breathe my simple prayer,  
 Thou art near, very near;  
 When I ask thy tender care,  
 Thou wilt look on me;  
 Softly in my heart I know,  
 'Tis thy voice that murmurs low,  
 "Come, I'll wash thee white as snow,  
 Child, I died for thee."

3 Didst thou lay thy glory by,  
 Saviour mine, Saviour mine?  
 Didst thou suffer, bleed, and die,  
 For a child like me?  
 Gladly I will come to-day:  
 From thy love I cannot stay;  
 All along the heavenly way  
 I will follow thee.

## Can a Little Child Like Me?

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

W. K. BASSFORD.

1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?  
 2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,

Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;  
 For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest;

Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—  
 For thy precious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - erywhere.

## REFRAIN.

Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee, Father in heaven, we thank thee.

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,  
 For the day and for the night;  
 For the lessons of our youth,  
 Honor, gratitude, and truth;  
 For the love that met us here,  
 For the home and for the cheer.

4 For our comrades and our plays,  
 And our happy holidays;  
 For the joyful work and true,  
 That a little child may do;  
 For our lives but just begun;  
 For the great gift of thy Son.

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THEODULPH, Bp. of Orleans.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from Catholic Hymns.

1. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring,

## REFRAIN.

Glo - ry and praise and hon - or, To thee, Re - deem - er, King,

To whom the lips of children Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

2 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before thee went ;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before thee we present.

3 Thou wentest to thy passion  
Amid their shouts of praise :  
Thou reignest now in glory,  
While we our anthems raise.

4 Thou didst accept their praises ;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King !

W. W. How.

St. Gall's Coll.

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth!

Givethanks to him O child - ren, Who lived a child on earth;

*D.S.*—His lov - ing arms embraced them And for their sake he died.

He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to his side,

2 O Jesus, we would praise thee  
With songs of holy joy;  
For thou on earth didst sojourn  
A pure and spotless boy.  
Make us like thee, obedient,  
Like thee from sin-stains free,  
Like thee in God's own temple,  
In lowly home like thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise thee,  
The lowly maiden's Son:  
In thee all gentlest graces  
Are gathered into one.  
O give that best adornment  
That Christian child can wear,  
The meek and quiet spirit  
Which shone in thee so fair.

4 O Lord, with voices lifted  
We sing our songs of praise;  
Be thou the light and pattern  
Of all our child-hood's days;  
And lead us ever onward,  
That while we stay below  
We may, like thee, O Jesus,  
In grace and wisdom grow.



49

## Thou Art Guiding Me.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. "Let the children come," Christ said, Lord, my heart is comfort - ed ;

Safe - ly shall my feet be led, For thou art guid - ing me.

2 I am but a little one ;  
 Nothing noble have I done ;  
 No great victories have won ;  
 Yet thou art guiding me.

3 Saviour! choose the path I take,  
 Help me evil to forsake,  
 Me thy little servant make,  
 While thou art guiding me.

50

## Alstone.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

C. E. WILLING.

1. We are but lit - tle children weak, Nor born in an - y high es - tate ;  
 2. Oh! day by day, each Christian child Has much to do with - out, with - in :

What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?  
 A death to die for Je - sus' sake, A wea - ry war to wage with sin.

## Alstone.—Concluded.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 When deep within our swelling hearts<br/>The thoughts of pride and anger rise,<br/>When bitter words are on our tongues,<br/>And tears of passion in our eyes,—</p> <p>4 Then may we stay the angry blow,<br/>Then may we check the hasty word,<br/>Give gentle answers back again,<br/>And fight a battle for our Lord.</p> | <p>5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,<br/>Light in our dwellings we may make,<br/>Bid kind, good-humor brighten there,<br/>And do all still for Jesus' sake.</p> <p>6 There's not a child so small and weak,<br/>But has his little cross to take,<br/>His little work of love and praise<br/>That he may do for Jesus' sake.</p> |
|---|--|

## 51 Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?

Adapted.

1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heav'n?  
2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heav'n?

RESPONSE.

The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple want sup - ply;  
The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kindness say;

Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.  
Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Oh, what can little eyes do<br/>To please the King of heaven?<br/>The little eyes can upward look,<br/>Can learn to read God's holy book:<br/>Such grace to mine be given,<br/>Such grace to mine be given.</p> | <p>4 Oh, what can little hearts do<br/>To please the King of heaven?<br/>Young hearts, if he his Spirit send,<br/>Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:<br/>Such grace to mine be given,<br/>Such grace to mine be given.</p> |
|--|--|

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

LOUIS SPOHR.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be,

To leave thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!

Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;

The sweet-ness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.

2 I can not feel thee touch my hand  
 With pressure light and mild,  
 To check me as my mother did,  
 When I was but a child:  
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,  
 Rebuking sin for me;  
 And, when my heart loves God, I know  
 The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
 Morning and night, to prayer,  
 Something there is within my heart  
 Which tells me thou art there.  
 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:  
 Thy prayer is all for me;  
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,  
 But watchest patiently.

## Jesus, High in Glory.

J. E. CLARK.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list-'ning ear;

When we bow be - fore thee, Chil-dren's prais - es hear.

Though thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al-might - y King,

Thou wilt stoop to list - en When thy praise we sing.

2 We are little children,  
 Weak and apt to stray;  
 Saviour, guide and keep us  
 In the heavenly way.  
 Save us, Lord, from sinning;  
 Watch us day by day;  
 Help us now to love thee;  
 Take our sins away.

# 54      There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. MIDLANE.

Adapted from the Swedish.

1. { There's a Friend for lit - tle children, A - bove the bright, blue sky, A  
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change thro' changing years, This

Friend who never changes, Whose love will never die;  
Friend is always wor - thy Of (*Omit*.....) that dear name he bears.

2 There's a rest for little children,  
Above the bright, blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright, blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,  
Above the bright, blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus,  
Shall wear it by and by;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which he will then bestow  
On those who found his favor,  
And loved his name below.

5 There's a song for little children,  
Above the bright, blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing,  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship him as King.

## There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. MIDLANE.

(Second Tune.)

J. STAINER.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright, blue sky,

A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;

Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change thro' changing years,

This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.

## In Our Dear Lord's Garden.

E. S. A.

1. In our dear Lord's gar - den, Plant - ed here be - low,

Ma - ny tin - y flow - 'rets In sweet beau - ty grow.

Christ, the lov - ing gard'n - er Finds these blos - soms small;

Loves the lit - tle lil - ies As the ce - dars tall.

2 Nothing is too little  
 For his gentle care;  
 Nothing is too lowly  
 In his love to share.  
 Jesus loves the children  
 Children such as we,—  
 Blessed them when their mothers  
 Brought them to his knee.

3 Jesus calls the children,  
 Bids them come and stand  
 In his pleasant garden  
 Watered by his hand.  
 Lord, thy call we answer;  
 Take us in thy care,  
 Train us in thy garden  
 In thy work to share.

1. Once was heard the song of chil-dren, By the Sav-iour, when on earth ;

Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem- ple Shouts of youthful praise had birth ;

And ho-san - nas, And ho- san - nas, Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,  
 Garments spread beneath his feet,  
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him.  
 In fair Salem's crowded street ;  
 While hosannas  
 From the lips of children greet.

3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,  
 We this day thy glory sing ;  
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing,  
 We would loftier tribute bring :  
 Glad hosannas  
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.



## Jesus Bids Us Shine.

EMILY H. MILLER.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a pure clear light,  
Like a lit - tle can - dle, Burn - ing in the night;  
In the world is dark - ness, So we must shine,  
You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine  
First of all for him,  
Well he sees and knows it  
If our light grows dim;  
He looks down from heaven  
To see us shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine  
Then, for all around;  
For many kinds of darkness,  
In the world are found,  
Sin and want and sorrow;  
So we must shine,  
You in your small corner,  
And I in mine.

## God the Father in Heaven.

W. HEY.

REINECKE.

1. From the bright blue heav - ens with the an - gels mild,

God our lov - ing Fa - ther looks on ev - 'ry child;

Lov - ing - ly he list - ens to each lit - tle pray'r

Watch - es ev - 'ry foot - step with a Fa - ther's care.

2 With a Father's kindness gives him daily bread;  
 Shields from every danger every little head;  
 Tell all little children of this Father true;  
 Who will ne'er forsake them, if his will they do.

## Thou Art My Shepherd.

Miss ELSIE THALHEIMER.

German.

1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car-ing in ev-'ry need,  
 Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trust-ing thee still,  
 In the green pas-tures low, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow,  
 Safe by thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie  
 Where death o'erhanging nigh,  
 My soul would terrify,  
 With sudden chill,—  
 Yet I am not afraid;  
 While softly on my head  
 Thy tender hand is laid,  
 I fear no ill.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

Arr. from ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The

lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark; When suddenly

ly a voice divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.

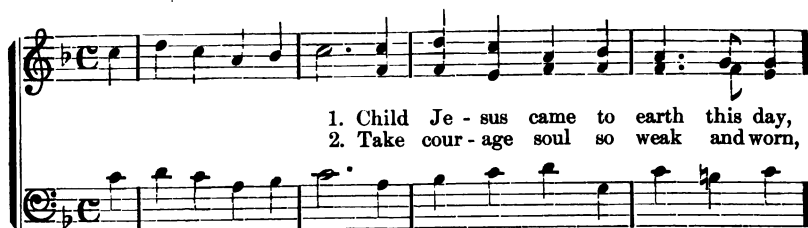
2 The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple-child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of thy word;  
Like him to answer at thy call,  
And to obey thee first of all.

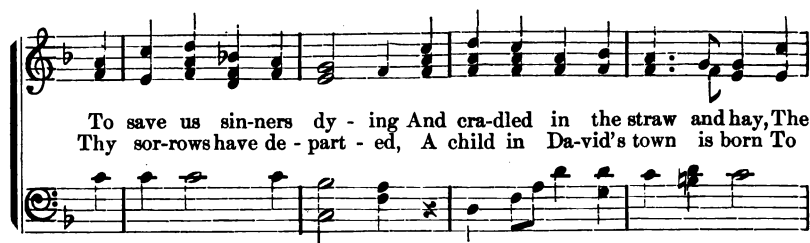
4 O give me Samuel's mind  
A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To thee in life and death;  
That I may read with child-like eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise,

## Christmas Song.

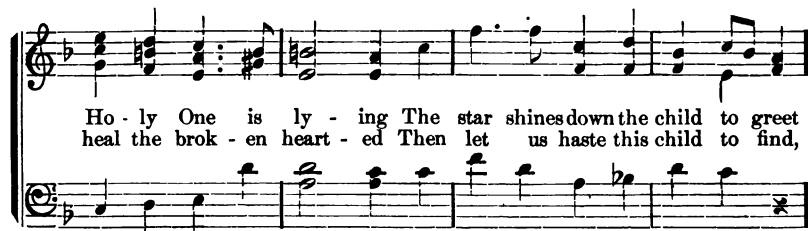
N. W. GADE.



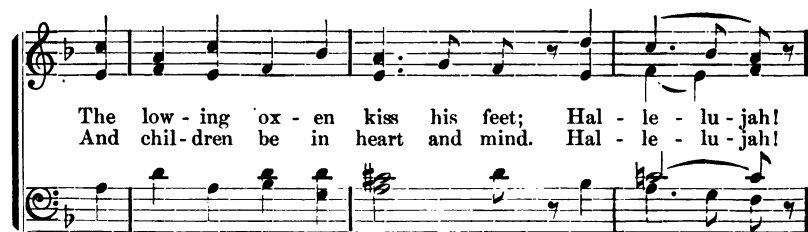
1. Child Je - sus came to earth this day,  
2. Take cour - age soul so weak and worn,



To save us sin - ners dy - ing And cra-dled in the straw and hay, The  
Thy sor - rows have de - part - ed, A child in Da - vid's town is born To



Ho - ly One is ly - ing The star shines down the child to greet  
heal the brok - en heart - ed Then let us haste this child to find,



The low - ing ox - en kiss his feet; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
And chil - dren be in heart and mind. Hal - le - lu - jah!

## Christmas Song.—Concluded.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus!  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus!

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## Christmas Hymn.

E. N. ARNDT.

REINECKE.

1. Thou, ho - ly Je - sus, meek and mild, Wast born to - day a

lit - tlechild; So ev-'ry-where, both far and near, This day brings children

ma - ny cheer. Thou, gen - tle Je - sus, ho - ly and mild!

2 Though I'm but little, bless me still,  
And guard my path from every ill;  
Bathed in thy heavenly fountain clear,  
Make my soul clean, thou Saviour dear.  
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

3 That I may be an angel too,  
And only seek thy will to do,  
Grant me but this, dear Saviour mine  
To keep me humble, make me thine!  
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

## It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. SEARS.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,  
 From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:  
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King!"  
 The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still celestial music floats  
 O'er all the weary world;  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.

## The Air is Filled With the Echoes.

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.



1. The air is filled with the echoes, Glad voices are singing a - gain,

"Glo - ry to God in the High - est! Peace and good will to men!"

O lis - ten, dear child - ren, lis - ten, The bells and the great chimes say,

The sweet - est song that ev - er was sung, "Je - sus was born to - day."

2 The world was dark and lonely,  
Till the sound of his voice was heard;  
And the hearts of the sad and lowly  
Leaped at his lightest word;  
And over the fields in their beauty  
The lilies and birds of the air,  
The tender love of the Father  
He showed us everywhere.

3 An angel may praise him in heaven,  
A child may sing upon earth,  
With a joy that shall ring thro' all ages,  
The story of Christ and his birth.  
O listen, dear children, listen!  
The bells and the great chimes say  
The sweetest song that ever was sung  
"Jesus was born to-day!"



## Noël, Noël, the Christ is Born.

S. S.

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY.

*With spirit.*

1. Chime the bells for the Christ is born; Shout the glad tidings, 'tis Christmas morn;  
 2. Send the news o'er the broad, round earth, Let nations hear of the ho-ly birth;

Tell it abroad o'er all the earth, Till the air rings with holy mirth, No-  
 With shout of praise and jubilant song, Let the words ring both loud and strong, No-

ë!l, No-ë!l, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;  
 ë!l, No-ë!l, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;

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## Noël, Noël, Christ is Born.—Concluded.

*poco rit.*

Bring the hol-ly and twine the bay, To crown the in-fant King to-day.  
 Bring the hol-ly and twine the bay, To crown the in-fant King to-day.

*poco rit.*

66

## Christmas.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT

R. N. MATTHEWS.

1. There came a lit-tle child to earth, Long a-go,  
 2. Out in the night so calm and still, Their song was heard;  
 3. Far a-way in a good-ly land, Fair and bright;  
 4. In white more pure than the spot-less snow; And their tongues unite,

And the an-gels of God proclaimed his birth, High and low.  
 For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill, Was Christ the Lord.  
 Chil-dren with crowns of glo-ry stand Robed in white,  
 In the psalm which the angels sang long ago, On Christ-mas night.

## Carol, Children, Carol.

Car - ol, children, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol for the

com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty; And pray a gladsome Christmas

To all good Christian men, Then car - ol, children, car - ol, Till Christmas

comes a - gain, O car - ol, children, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly,

## Carol, Children, Carol.—Concluded.

Car - ol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

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## Holy Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright; Round yon

Vir - gin moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.

2 Silent night! holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight!  
Glories stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!  
Christ, the Saviour is born!  
Christ, the Saviour is born!

3 Silent night! holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light,  
Radiant beams from thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!  
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

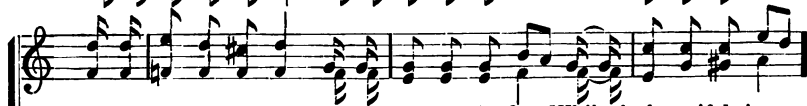
## There's a Song in the Air.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

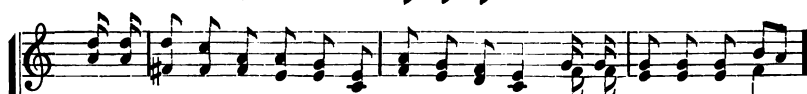
MARDINA-EMMELAR.



1. There's a song in the air; There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep pray'r,
2. There's a tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy,
3. In the light of that star Lie the ages impearled, And that song from a-far
4. We re-joice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down thro' the night



And a ba-by's low cry; And the star rains its fire, While the beautiful sing,  
Is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire, While the beautiful sing,  
Has swept over the world; Ev'ry heart is aflame, While the beautiful sing,  
From the heavenly throng; Aye, we shout to the lovely E - vangel they bring,



For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King; And the star rains its fire,  
For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King; And the star rains its fire,  
In the homes of the nations, that Je-sus is King; Ev'ry heart is a-flame,  
And we greet in his cra-dle our Saviour and King; Aye, we shout to the lovely



While the beauti-ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.  
While the beauti-ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.  
While the beauti-ful sing, In the homes of the nations that Je-sus is King.  
E - vangel they bring, And we greet in his cra-dle our Saviour and King.



## A Christmas Carol.

C. A. D.

CARO. A. DUGAN.

*Allegretto. mf*

1. All the bells of Christmas Thrill the frost-y air, Ringing out glad

CHORUS.

ti - dings, Bringing vis-ions rare. Ring - ing, swing - ing,

*poco rit.*

All the bells of Christmas; Swinging, sing - ing, Christ the Lord is born!

- 2 Lo! the wond'ring shepherds  
In the early dawn  
Hear the angels singing—  
"Joy, the Christ is born!"
- 3 See! a lowly stable  
Shelters Mary mild,  
At her feet the wise men  
Kneel before the Child.

- 4 Hail! the wondrous birthday  
Bells of Christmas, ring!  
While our hearts responsive,  
With the angels sing.
- 5 "Glory in the highest!"  
It is Christmas morn!  
Shout the gladsome tidings,  
Christ the Lord is born!

## The Blessed Day.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

D. BATCHELLOR.

1. What shall little children bring on Christmas day, on Christmas day? What shall little  
 2. What shall little children sing on Christmas day, on Christmas day? What shall little

children bring on Christmas day in the morning? This shall little children bring on  
 children sing on Christmas day in the morning? The grand old carols shall they sing on

Christmas day, on Christmas day, Love and joy to Christ their King, On Christmas  
 Christmas day, on Christmas day, With all their hearts their offerings bring On Christmas

day in the morning; This shall lit- tle children bring On Christmas day, on  
 day in the morning; The grand old carols shall they sing On Christmas day, on

## The Blessed Day.—Concluded.

Christmas day, Love and joy to Christ their King, On Christmas day in the morning.  
 Christmas day, With all their hearts their off' rings bring, On Christmas day in the morning.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## 72 The Christmas Manger Hymn.

MARTIN LUTHER.

J. E. SPILMAN.

1. A-way in a man-ger, no crib for his bed, The lit-tle Lord  
 Je-sus laid down his sweet head; The stars in the sky look-ed  
 down where he lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a-sleep in the hay.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece is divided into two parts, with the first part ending with a double bar line.

2 The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,  
 But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.  
 I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,  
 And stay by my crib, watching my lullaby.



## Christmas Song.

REINECKE.

1. Ye shep - herds, a - rise, and shout to the skies! The

an - gels are wing - ing their way here and sing - ing;

Sal - va - tion is near, the Sav - iour is here.

- 2 Come singing gay psalms, come singing gay psalms,  
And come to the manger, to welcome the Stranger,  
Who, born in a stall, is Lord over all.
- 3 As soon as this word the shepherds had heard  
They sought the Appointed, the Lord, the Anointed,  
And found in a stall, the Saviour of all.
- 4 They knew him the mild, the heavenly Child,  
And fell down before him, all meek to adore him  
And praised him in psalms, and praised him in psalms.

## The First Christmas.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Crad - led on the

fra - grant hay, Long a - go on Christ - mas; Stran - ger

bed a babe ne'er found Won-d'ring cat - tle stood a - round

Long a - go on Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

2 By the shining vision taught  
 Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought,  
 Long ago on Christmas;  
 Guided in a star-lit way,  
 Wise men came their gifts to pay,  
 Long ago on Christmas,  
 Long ago on Christmas.

3 And to-day the whole glad earth,  
 Praises God for that Child's birth,  
 Long ago on Christmas;  
 For the Light, the Truth, the Way,  
 Came to bless the earth that day,  
 Long ago on Christmas,  
 Long ago on Christmas.

## Christmas Carol.

RUTH OGDEN.

K. D. W.

1. The joy - ous tones of Christ - mas chimes Are

fill - ing all the air;..... Let trou - ble cease, for

gen - tle peace Is rest - ing ev - 'ry - where.

2 "Good-will to all!" the lovely strain  
Is ringing far and wide;  
And all who will may feel the thrill  
Of happy Christmas-tide.

3 Let loving words and loving deeds  
Be ours this Christmas time;  
On this bright day we children may  
Ring out a Christmas chime!

4 A Christmas chime, a Christmas chime,  
Ring out a Christmas chime,  
On this bright day we children may  
Ring out a Christmas chime!

From "Kindergarten Chimes," by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.

## When Christ was Born.

J. W. TUFTS.

1. When Christ was born for you and me, In Beth - le-hem that fair cit - y,

An-gelssang there with mirth and glee, Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

CHORUS.  
In the high - est glo - ry, In the high - est glo - ry,  
"In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,

*rit.*  
In the high - est glo - ry, Peace on earth good will to men.  
In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a."

- 2 The herdsman saw these angels bright, 3 The King is come to save mankind,  
To them appearing with great light, As in the Scripture truths we find,  
Who said God's Son is born to-night, Therefore this song we have in mind,  
Who said God's Son is born to-night, Therefore this song we have in mind.

NORZ.—In Chorus, either Latin or English words may be used.

## The Sweetest Name.

Rev. Dr. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,

The name be - fore his wondrous birth To Christ, the Sav - iour, giv - en.

*D.S.*—For there's no word ear - ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je - sus.

## REFRAIN.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail him bless - ed Je - sus :

2 His human name they did proclaim,  
When Abram's son they seal'd him:  
The name that still by God's good will,  
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote his name above him,  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

WILLIAM WHITING.

E. H. J.

1. Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, Once for us a child,

In thy whole be - hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild,

In thy foot-steps tread - ing, We thy lambs will be,

Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low thee.

2 For all thou bestowest,  
 All thou dost withhold,  
 Whatsoe'er thou knowest  
 Best for us, thy fold;  
 For all gifts and graces  
 While we live below,  
 Till, in heavenly places,  
 We thy face shall know.

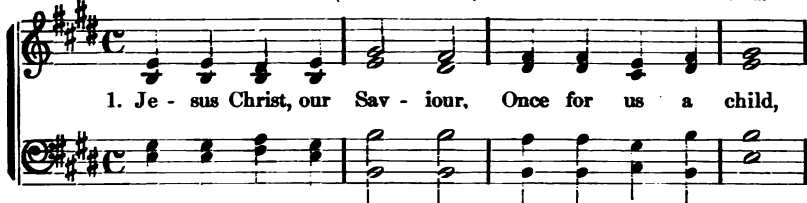
3 Let thine angels guide us;  
 Let thine arms enfold;  
 In thy bosom hide us,  
 Sheltered from the cold;  
 To thyself us gather,  
 'Mid the ransomed host,  
 Praising thee, the Father,  
 And the Holy Ghost.

# Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

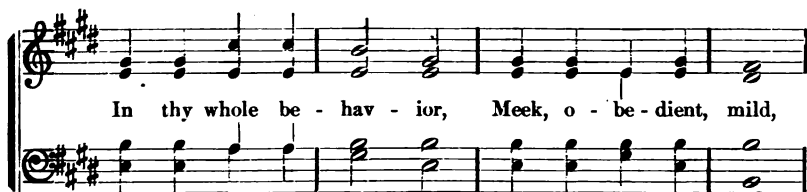
WILLIAM WHITING.

(Second Tune.)

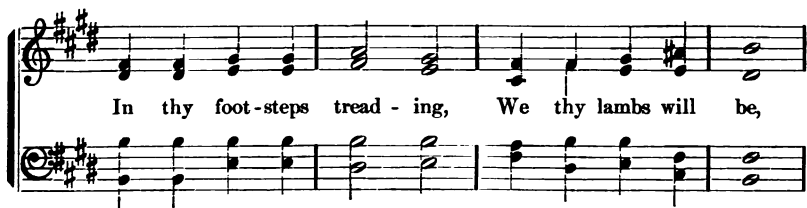
D. BACHELLOR.



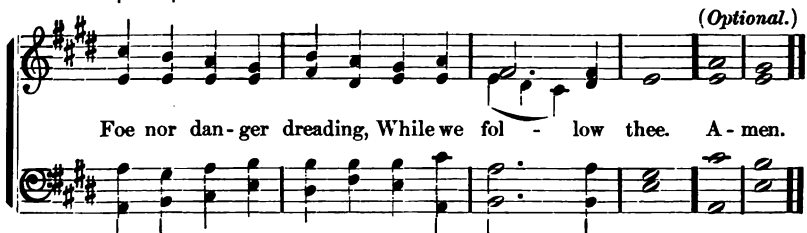
1. Je - sus Christ, our Sav - iour, Once for us a child,



In thy whole be - hav - ior, Meek, o - be - dient, mild,



In thy foot-steps tread - ing, We thy lambs will be,



Foe nor dan - ger dreading, While we fol - low thee. A - men.

2 For all thou bestowest,  
All thou dost withhold,  
Whatsoever thou knowest  
Best for us, thy fold;  
For all gifts and graces  
While we live below,  
Till, in heavenly places,  
We thy face shall know.

3 Let thine angels guide us;  
Let thine arms enfold;  
In thy bosom hide us,  
Sheltered from the cold;  
To thyself us gather,  
'Mid the ransomed host,  
Praising thee, the Father,  
And the Holy Ghost.

## Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown, When thou  
 2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -  
 3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds had their nest In the  
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's  
 claim - ing thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly  
 shade of the for - est tree; But thy couch was the  
 set thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing and

home there was found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.  
 birth didst thou come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty.  
 sod, O thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.  
 scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear thee to Cal - va - ry.

## REFRAIN.

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee.



# 80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That  
 3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And

Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren like  
 his arms had been thrown around me, That I might have seen his kind  
 ask for a share in his love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly

lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.  
 look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

# 80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

(Second Tune.)

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was

# I Think, when I Read.—Concluded.

here among men, How he called little children like lambs to his fold, I should

like to have been with him then. I wish that his hands had been

placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have

seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."

## There Is a Green Hill.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

W. HORSLEY.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With -

out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was

cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell  
 What pains he had to bear,  
 But we believe it was for us  
 He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
 He died to make us good,  
 That we might go at last to heaven,  
 Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin,  
 He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved !  
 And we must love him too,  
 And trust in his redeeming blood,  
 And try his works to do.

## There Is a Green Hill.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (Second Tune.)

R. S. WILLIS.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.

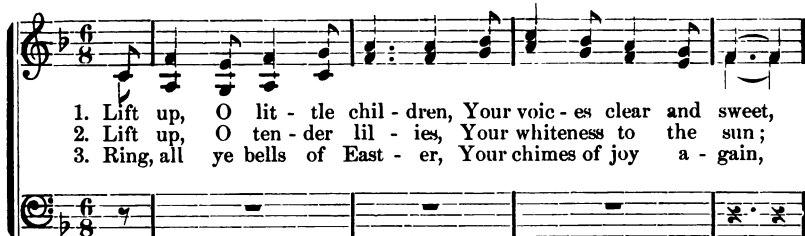
We may not know, we can-not tell What pains he had to bear,

But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.

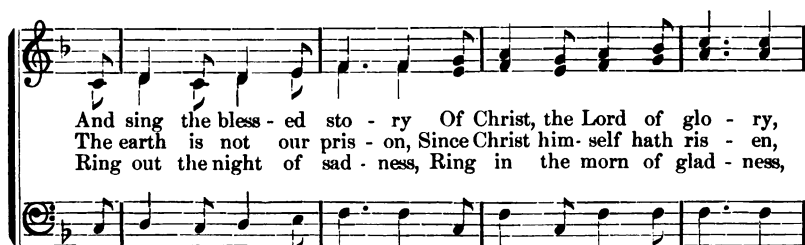
## Easter Carol.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD.



1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic - es clear and sweet,  
 2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun;  
 3. Ring, all ye bells of East - er, Your chimes of joy a - gain,

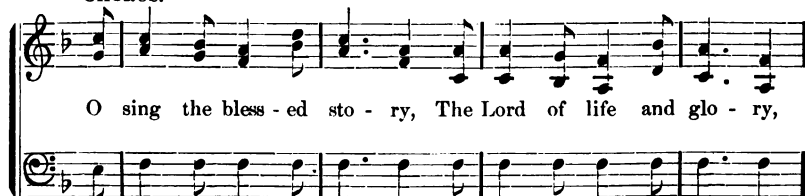


And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,  
 The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ him - self hath ris - en,  
 Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,



And wor - ship at his feet, And wor - ship at his feet.  
 The life of ev - 'ry one, The life of ev - 'ry one.  
 For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.

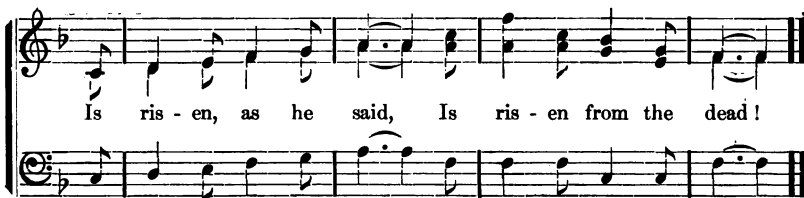
## CHORUS.



O sing the bless - ed sto - ry, The Lord of life and glo - ry,

By permission.

## Easter Carol.—Concluded.



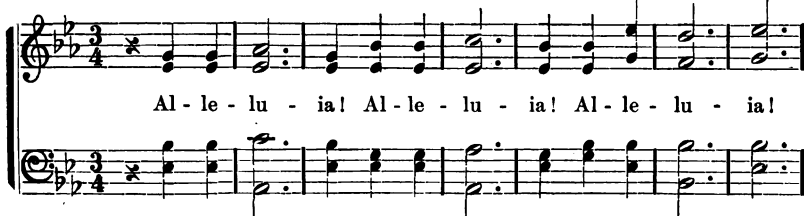
Is ris - en, as he said, Is ris - en from the dead!

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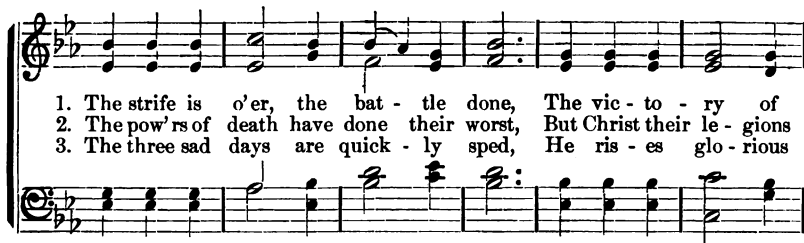
## Palestrina.

Latin, tr. F. PORR.

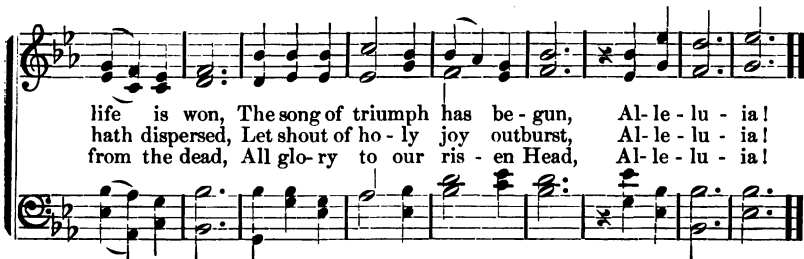
Arr. from "Palestrina."



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of  
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions  
3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious




life is won, The song of triumph has be - gun, Al - le - lu - ia!  
hath dispersed, Let shout of ho - ly joy outburst, Al - le - lu - ia!  
from the dead, All glo - ry to our ris - en Head, Al - le - lu - ia!


## Easter Hymn.

LUCY LARCOM.


D. BATCHELLOR.




1. Breaks the joy - ful East - er dawn, Clear - er yet and strong - er ;  
2. Roused from long and lone - ly hours, Un - der snow-drift chil - ly,



Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no long - er.  
In his hands he bring the flowers, Brings the rose and li - ly;




Far a - way good an - gels drive Night and sin and sad - ness,  
Ev - ery lit - tle bur - ied bud In - to life he rais - es



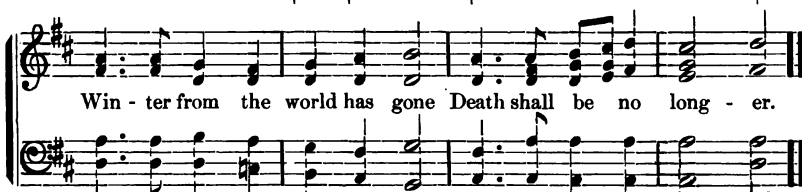
Earth a - wakes in smiles a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.  
Ev - ery wild flower of the wood, Sings the dear Lord's prais - es.

## Easter Hymn.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Break the joy - ful East - er dawn Clear - er yet and strong - er



Win - ter from the world has gone Death shall be no long - er.

3 Open happy flowers of Spring,  
For the sun is risen,  
Through the sky sweet voices ring  
Calling you from prison.

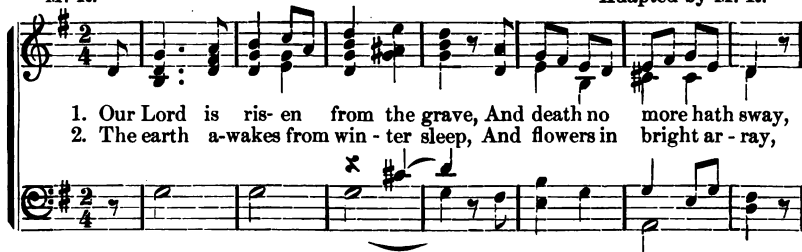
Little children dear, look up,  
Toward his brightness pressing,  
Lift up every heart a cup  
For the dear Lord's blessing.

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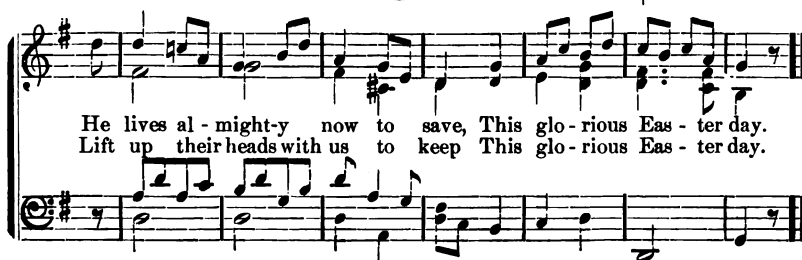
## Easter Hymn.

M. R.

Adapted by M. R.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the grave, And death no more hath sway,  
2. The earth a-wakes from win - ter sleep, And flowers in bright ar - ray,



He lives al - might-y now to save, This glo - rious Eas - ter day.  
Lift up their heads with us to keep This glo - rious Eas - ter day.



## At Easter Time.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

REINECKE.

*Andantino.*

1. The lit - tle flow'rs came through the ground, At happy East-er time,  
 2. The pure white lil - y raised its cup, At hap - py East-er time,  
 3. 'Twas long and long and long a - go, That hap - py East-er time,

They raised their heads and look'd a-round At hap - py East-er time;  
 The cro - cus to the sky look'd up, At hap - py East-er time;  
 But still the pure white lil - ies blow, At hap - py East-er time;

*poco ritard.*

And ev - ry pret - ty bud did say, "Good people bless this ho - ly day,  
 "We'll hear the song of Heav'n," they say, "Its glo - ry shines on us to - day,  
 And still each lit - tle flow'r doth say, "Good children, bless this ho - ly day,

*poco ritard.*

## At Easter Time.—Concluded,

*a tempo.* *ritard.*

For Christ is ris'n, the an-gels say, At hap-py East-er time.  
 Oh, may it shine on us al-way, At ho-ly East-er time."  
 For Christ is ris'n, the an-gels say, At bless-ed East-er time."

*a tempo.* *ritard.*

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## God Made the Sun.

BUCKWORTH.

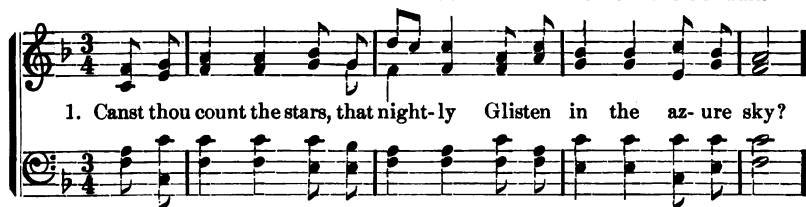
LOWELL MASON.

1. God made the sun, that world of light; The moon to cheer the earth by night;  
 2. He made the earth on which we tread; And round its shores the o - cean spread;  
 3. He made the birds that sing so sweet The lit-tle lambs that frisk and bleat;  
 4. It is by his kind grace and care We see, and feel, and speak and hear

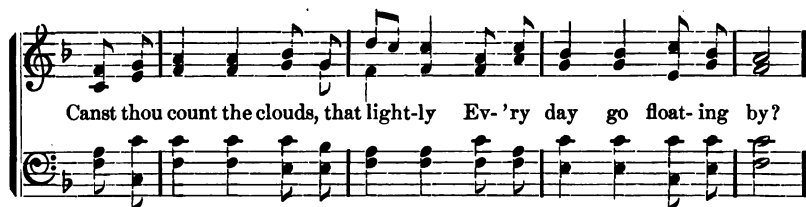
The clouds that float in air so high, And all the stars that gild the sky.  
 He made the seasons of the year, And all the numerous fruits they bear.  
 The playful fish-es in the stream And beasts of ev-'ry size and name.  
 Our hands, our head, our heart, he gave, And all we are, and all we have.

## Canst Thou Count the Stars?

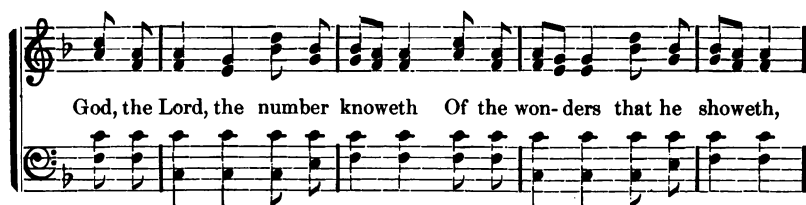
Words and music from the German.



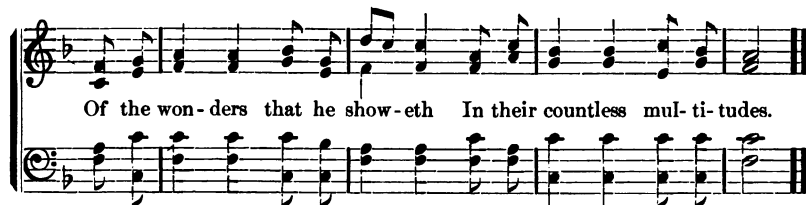
1. Canst thou count the stars, that night-ly Glisten in the az-ure sky?



Canst thou count the clouds, that light-ly Ev-'ry day go float-ing by?



God, the Lord, the number knoweth Of the won-ders that he showeth,



Of the won-ders that he show-eth In their countless mul-ti-tudes.

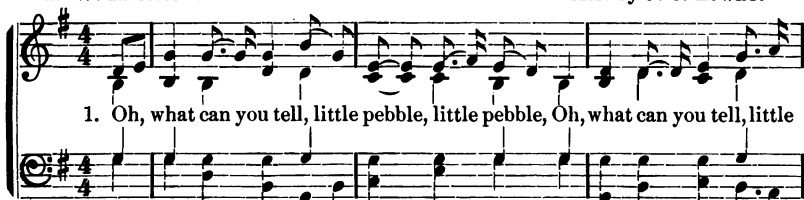
2 Canst thou count the insects playing  
 In the sunshine's golden light?  
 Canst thou count the fishes straying  
 In the sparkling waters bright?  
 God, the Lord, a name hath given  
 To all creatures under heaven,  
 To all creatures under heaven,  
 When he called them into light.

3 Canst thou count how many children  
 Go to little beds at night,  
 Sleeping there so warm and cozy  
 Till they wake at morning's light?  
 God, the Lord, each name can tell,  
 Knows them all and loves them well,  
 Knows them all and loves them well,  
 God, the Lord, each name can tell.

## The Chorus of Praise.

R. W. RAYMOND.

Arr. by J. C. LOWBY.



1. Oh, what can you tell, little pebble, little pebble, Oh, what can you tell, little

REF.—It is the love of God in heav'n, The God who made both

*D.C. Refrain.*

pebble by the sea? The secret of your silent life, Now whisper it to me.

you and me, And ev'ry day I think his praise In silence by the sea.

2 Oh, what can you tell, little flower, little flower,  
Oh, what can you tell, little flower on the lea?

The secret of your sweet perfume,  
Now whisper it to me.

REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,  
The God who made both you and me;  
And every day I breathe his praise  
In fragrance on the lea.

3 Oh, what can you tell, little bird, little bird,  
Oh, what can you tell, little bird upon the tree?

The secret of your joyous song,  
Now whisper it to me.

REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,  
The God who made both you and me;  
And every day I sing his praise  
Upon the summer tree.

4 Oh, what can you tell, little child, little child,  
Oh, what can you tell, little child upon my knee?  
The secret of your happy smile,  
Now whisper it to me.

REF.—It is the love of God in heaven,  
The God who made both you and me;  
And every day I seek his face,  
Upon my bended knee.

## FULL CHORUS.

Thus to the love of God in heaven,  
The God who made both you and me;  
The praise of all things here is given,  
And evermore shall be.

## Little Modest Violet Blue.

FANNY CROSBY.

From "New Shining Star."

1. Lit - tle mod - est vio - let blue, Span - gled o'er with morn - ing dew,  
 Laugh - ing in the spor - tive air, God has made thy leaves so fair;  
 Lit - tle lambs, that skip and play In the mead - ow fresh and gay,  
 God pro - tects you by his care, He has made your fleece so fair.

2 Little star with golden eye,  
 God has placed thee in the sky;  
 Little bird with glassy wing,  
 God has taught thee how to sing;  
 Little clouds, that lightly rest  
 On the bosom of the west,  
 Floating in the summer air,  
 God has made your form so fair.

3 Little merry, laughing child,  
 Ever playful, ever wild,  
 Full of gladness, full of love,  
 God has made thee, God above;  
 He thy little spirit keeps,  
 For he never, never sleeps;  
 When thy little life is past  
 He will take thee home at last.

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## In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted.

D. BATCHELLOR.

1. In the pleasant sun-ny meadows, Where the but-ter - cups are seen,  
And the dais-ies lit-tle shadows, Lie a-long the lev-el green,

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,  
Little lambs are playing near,  
And the watchful shepherd leading,  
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children  
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,  
It is God who watches o'er us,  
Gives us life and daily food.

## In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted.

(SECOND TUNE.)

German air.

1. In the pleas-ant sun-ny mead-ows, Where the but-ter - cups are seen,  
And the dais-ies' lit-tle shad-ows, Lie a-long the lev-el green,

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,  
Little lambs are playing near,  
And the watchful shepherd leading,  
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children  
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,  
It is God who watches o'er us,  
Gives us life and daily food.

## Hymn of Nature.

JANE E. LEEBON.

*Andantino.*

1. A lit - tle child may. know Our Fa - ther's

name of love: 'Tis writ - ten in the

earth be - low, And in the sky a - bove.

2 Around me when I look,  
His handiwork I see;  
This world is like a picture-book,  
To teach his name to me.

3 The thousand little flowers  
Within our garden bound;  
The rainbow and the soft spring showers  
And ev'ry pleasant sound.

4 The summer breezes blow,  
The woods and groves among;  
The streamlets through the valley flow,  
In melody along.

5 And every living thing,  
Rejoicing in the light,  
The little birds that sweetly sing,  
The moon that shines by night;

6 And every star above,  
Set in the deep blue sky,  
All tell me that our God is love,  
All tell me he is nigh.

## Spring.

M. R.

Adapted from the Swedish.

1. There's a bird that is fly - ing far o - ver my head,

O lis - ten and hear his sweet mes - sage of love,

The Spring is re - turn - ing and Win - ter has fled,

Give thanks to the Fa - ther, our Fa - ther a - bove.

- 2 There's a flower that is blooming way down on the ground,  
 More frail and more tiny you scarcely would find,  
 It says as it sends its brave glances around  
 Give thanks to the Father, our Father so kind.

- 3 O children who listen, O children who hear,  
 Like birds and like flowers give thanks for the Spring,  
 'Tis God who directs ev'ry change in the year,  
 Give thanks to the Father, to him we will sing.



## A Flower Song for Children.

CARO. A. DUGAN

E. L.

1. All the wide mead - ows are sweet with clo - ver,

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ro - sy clo - ver blooms fair to see; Com - mon as sunshine, but

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

some - how dear - er Than oth - er state - lier flowers can be;

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## A Flower Song for Children.—Concluded.



Lov-ing to give, on ev-'ry hand, Scatter-ing fragrance thro' the land.

2 Golden buttercups catching the sunlight,  
While the heavens are blue and fair,  
Then when days are dark and misty,  
Making sunshine everywhere,  
Happy the season that may hold  
Goodly store of your fairy gold.

3 Hidden away under meadow grasses,  
Like a hint of the far, blue sky,  
If we look close we shall find a blossom  
Right at our feet, so quiet and shy;  
Quiet and shy, yet what were spring,  
Wanting the violet's offering?

4 Day by day the happy wild flowers  
Lift their heads to the sun's warm glow,  
Gratefully drink the cooling showers,  
Rocked by the winds, sway to and fro,—  
Then as the night brings shadows deep,  
Drooping their little heads they sleep.

5 Children dear, if our lives are loving,  
Sweet to all, like the clover here,  
Having the modest grace of violets,  
Full of the buttercup's sunny cheer,  
We will be God's little human flowers,  
Helping to brighten this world of ours.

## The Spring is Come.

Glück.

1. The spring is come! the spring is come! A - gain all things re - joice;

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer-ful voice,

All streams and rills, and green-clad hills Lift up their cheer-ful voice.

2 The spring is come! the spring is come!

The merry robins sing;  
And in the grass, where'er we pass,  
The sweet, white daisies spring,  
And in the grass, where'er we pass,  
The sweet, white daisies spring.

3 The spring is come! the spring is come!

We feel the south wind blow;  
And in the dell, where violets dwell,  
We hear the brooklet flow,  
And in the dell, where violets dwell,  
We hear the brooklet flow.

## Weather Song.

M. R.

REINECKE, arr. by M. R.

1. The cloud comes down darkly, down darkly, It spreads the whole earth over,  
 2. The rain comes down quickly, down quickly, It falls on trees and flowers,  
 3. The snow comes down softly, down soft - ly, It falls where flow'rs are sleeping,

A gray and qui-et cov-er, The cloud comes down darkly, down darkly.  
 In cool, refreshing showers, The rain comes down quickly, down quickly.  
 Its warm, white cover heaping, The snow comes down softly, down soft - ly.

4 The hail comes down loudly, down loudly,  
 In jolly dance and patter,  
 In gay and merry clatter,  
 The hail comes down loudly, down loudly.

5 The wind bloweth gently and swiftly,  
 In softest zephyrs sighing,  
 On raging storm wings flying,  
 The wind bloweth gently and swiftly.

6 The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly,  
 All bright with joy and blessing,  
 Our dear old earth caressing,  
 The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly.

7 Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine,  
 All blessed gifts from heaven,  
 To earth's dear children given,  
 Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine.

CLOUD.—Wave raised hands over head slowly.

RAIN.—Let raised hands fall quickly and silently.

SNOW.—Let raised hands fall gently.

HAIL.—Let raised hands fall quickly and clapping.

WIND.—Let raised hands wave from right to left.

SUNSHINE.—Let raised hands wave with quick motion from right to left.

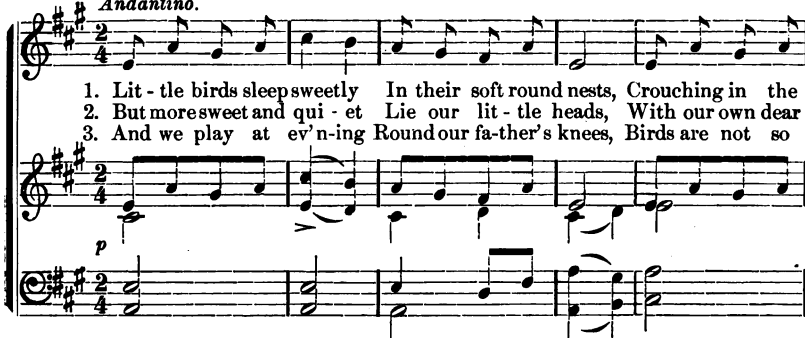
HURRAH.—Let raised right hand wave over head.

# Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.

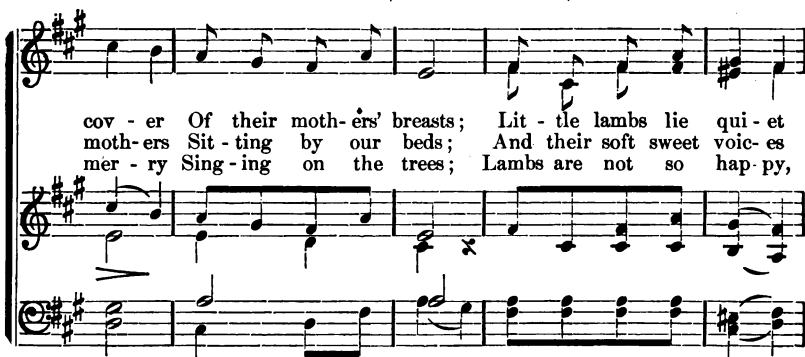
From "Hymns for Little Children."

JOHN HULLAH.

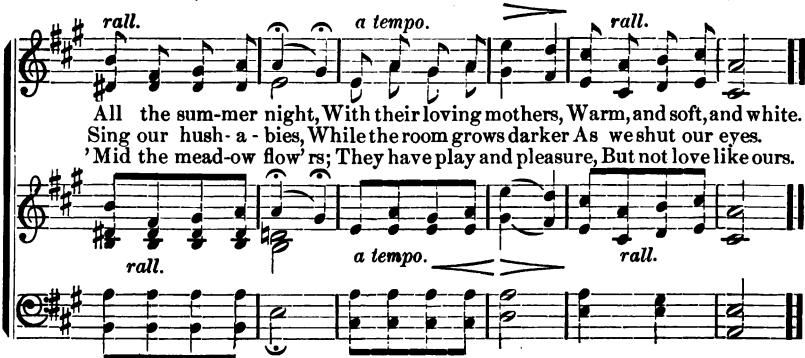
*Andantino.*



1. Lit - tle birds sleepsweetly In their soft round nests, Crouching in the  
2. But moresweet and qui - et Lie our lit - tle heads, With our own dear  
3. And we play at ev'n-ing Round our fa-ther's knees, Birds are not so



cov - er Of their moth - ers' breasts; Lit - tle lambs lie qui - et  
moth - ers Sit - ting by our beds; And their soft sweet voic - es  
mer - ry Sing - ing on the trees; Lambs are not so hap - py,



*rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*  
All the sum-mer night, With their loving mothers, Warm, and soft, and white.  
Sing our hush - a - bies, While the room grows darker As we shut our eyes.  
'Mid the mead-ow flow'rs; They have play and pleasure, But not love like ours.  
*rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

## Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.—Concluded.

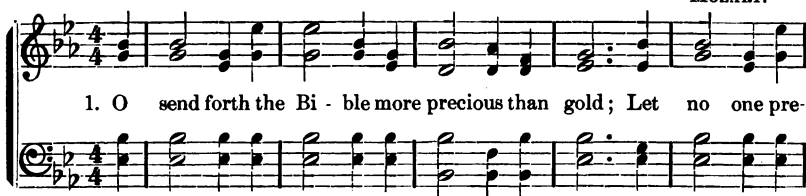
4 But the heart that's loving,  
Works of love will do;  
Those who dearly cherish,  
We must honor too;  
To our father's teaching  
Listen day by day,  
And our mother's bidding  
Cheerfully obey.

5 For when in his childhood  
Our dear Lord was here,  
He too was obedient  
To his mother dear;  
And his little children  
Must be good as he,  
Gentle and submissive  
As he used to be.

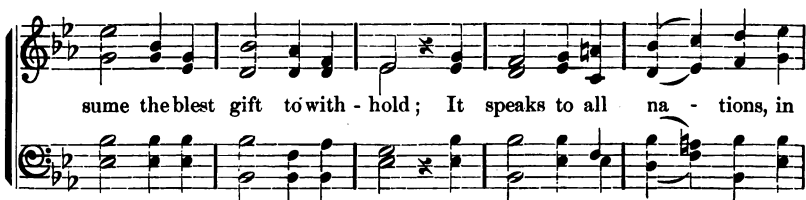
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## O Send Forth the Bible.

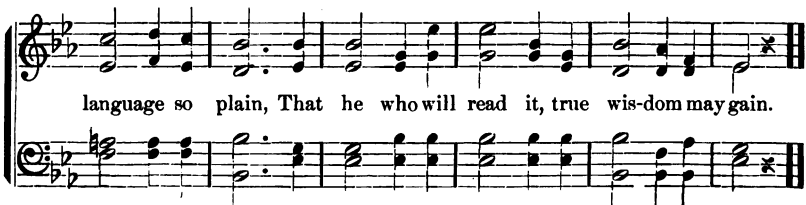
MOZART.



1. O send forth the Bi - ble more precious than gold; Let no one pre-



sume the blest gift to with - hold; It speaks to all na - tions, in



language so plain, That he who will read it, true wis-dom may gain.

2 It tells us of One who is mighty to save,  
Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave;  
Who dwelleth on high in that holy abode,  
Now pleading for man with a sin pardoning God.

3 Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,  
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss?  
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around  
Wherever the footsteps of man way be found.

## God is Ever Good.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

1. See the shin-ing dew - drops, On the flow-ers strewed,—  
2. Hear the mountain stream - let, In the sol - i - tude,

Prov-ing as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.  
With its rip - ple say - ing, God is ev - er good.

See the morn-ing sun - beams, Light-ing up the wood,  
In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude,

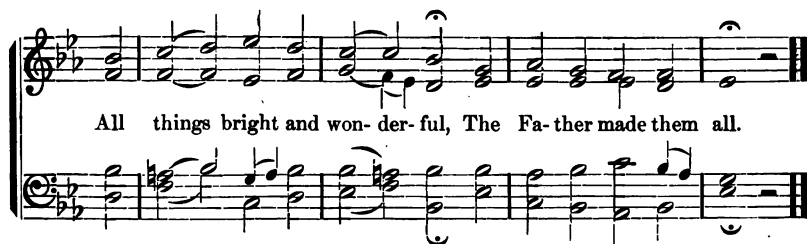
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er good!  
Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er good!

From "Kindergarten Chimes," by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the copyright.

## All Things Bright and Beautiful.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

From "El. Heerwart's Coll."



2 Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

3 The tall trees in the green wood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
The goodness of the Father,  
Who hath done all things well.

## Motion Exercise.

1 We'll all rise up together,  
We'll all sit down together,  
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,  
And all rise up together.

2 We'll raise our hands together,  
We'll fold our arms together,  
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,  
And raise our hands together.

3 We'll bow our heads together,  
We'll close our eyes together,  
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,  
And bow our heads together.

4 We'll clasp our hands together,  
We'll place our heels together,  
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,  
And sit up straight together.



## Missionary Chant.

M. R.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian children rise and sing, A chant of praise to Christ your King,

Till distant lands shall join the song, And all the world be freed from wrong.

2 The sins of all he gladly bare,  
The children have his tend' rest care,  
And those who never heard his name  
He loves for evermore the same.

3 May we our off' rings gladly bring  
To spread the news of Christ our King,  
Till every child shall hear the call  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

## Little Things.

Rev. EBEN C. BREWER.

English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wat - er, Lit - tle grains of sand,

Make the might - y o - cean, And the beauteous land.

## Little Things.—Concluded.

2 And the little moments  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages—  
Of eternity.

3 Little seeds of mercy  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

4 Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

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## The Daisy.

T. F. SEWARD.

D. BATCHELOR.

1. In the ear - ly Spring-time, when the vio - lets grow, When the birds sing  
sweet-ly and the soft winds blow, Comes the lit - tle dai - sy, blooming  
fresh and fair, Springing bright and joyous in the morn-ing air.

2 Sunny little blossoms, on your slender stalk,  
How much you would teach us if you could but talk  
Ever looking upward, all the live-long day,  
Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

## Little Travellers Zionward.

G. B. GILBERT, Mus. D.

1. Lit - tle trav'l-ers Zi - on-ward, Each one ent'ring in - to rest,  
 In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest,  
 There to wel-come Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win:  
 Lift your heads, ye gold-en gates, Let the lit - tle trav'l-ers in!

2 Who are they whose little feet,  
 Pacing life's dark journey through,  
 Now have reached the heavenly seat  
 They had ever kept in view?  
 "I from Greenland's frozen land;"  
 "I from India's sultry plain;"  
 "I from Afric's barren sand;"  
 "I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 We're together met at last  
 At the portal of the sky."  
 Each the welcome. Come, awaits,  
 Conquerors over death and sin:  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travellers in!

## Work, For the Night.

SIDNEY DYER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours ;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers ;

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun ;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work in the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store :  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## Missionary Processional.

M. R.

Adapted by M. R.


1. The Lord is our King, he is reign - ing above, His ban - ner floats  
2. A - rouse Chris - tian chil - dren and send the word, To na - tions who

o'er us, his ban - ner of love, The vict' - ry we'll gain over evil and wrong, Our  
know not of our dear Lord, In darkness and sorrow they wait to know, Of

lead - er will conquer, in him we are strong: March on and tell the ti - dings  
him who has suf - fer - ed for all below: March on and tell the ti - dings

far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and  
far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and

## Missionary Processional.—Concluded.



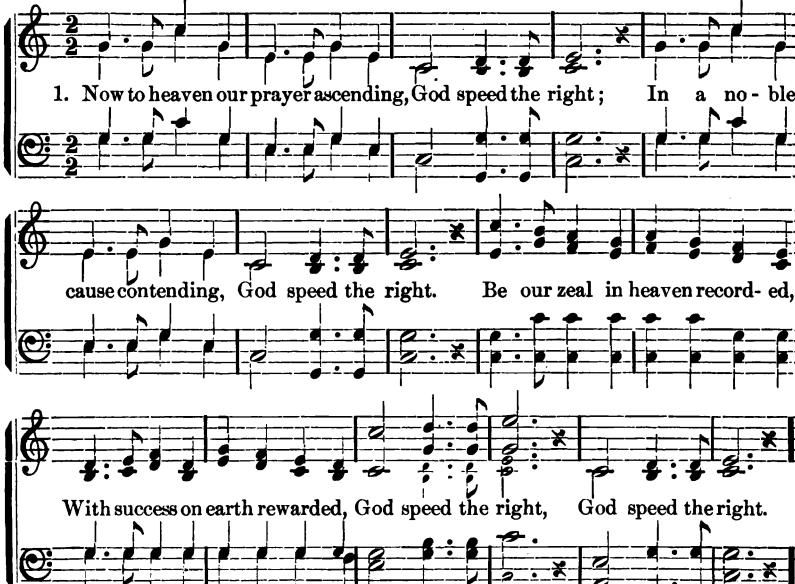
tell the tidings far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear.  
tell the tidings far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear.

108

### God Speed the Right.

W. E. HICKSON.

German.



1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending, God speed the right; In a no - ble  
cause contending, God speed the right. Be our zeal in heaven record - ed,  
With success on earth rewarded, God speed the right, God speed the right.

2 Be that prayer again repeated,  
God speed the right;  
Ne'er despairing though defeated,  
God speed the right.  
Like the good and great in story,  
If we fail, we fail with glory,  
God speed the right,  
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering;  
God speed the right;  
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,  
God speed the right.  
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,  
In the strength of heaven succeeding—  
God speed the right,  
God speed the right.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On - ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Jesus  
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

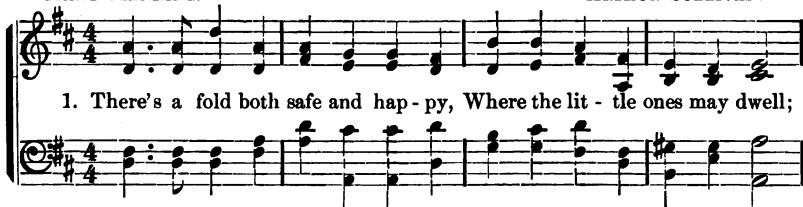
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,—  
 Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Unto Christ the King,—

CHORUS.  
 For - ward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.  
 One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. } Onward, Christian sol - diers,  
 This, thro' countless ages, Men and angels sing.

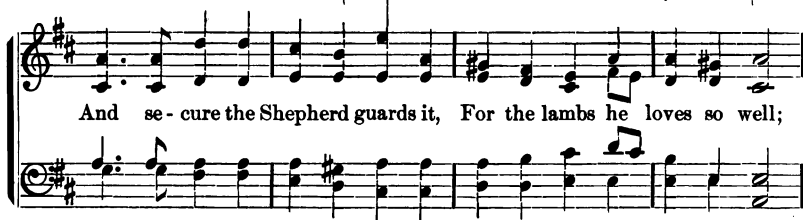
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

MARY MANNING.

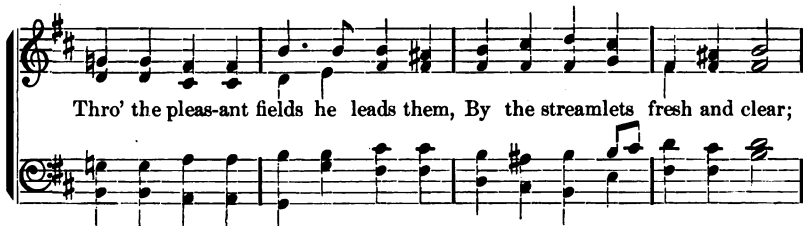
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



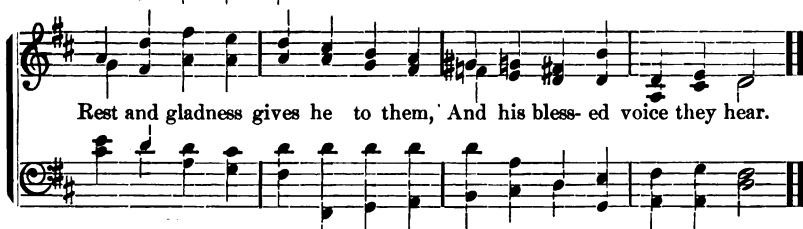
1. There's a fold both safe and hap - py, Where the lit - tle ones may dwell;



And se - cure the Shepherd guards it, For the lambs he loves so well;



Thro' the pleas - ant fields he leads them, By the streamlets fresh and clear;



Rest and gladness gives he to them, And his bless - ed voice they hear.

2 Many of his lambs are resting,  
In a yet more peaceful fold,  
Sheltered from the heat of summer,  
Sheltered from the winter's cold;  
In a bright and happy country,  
Where 'tis always fresh and fair;  
And the presence of the Shepherd  
Bideth ever with them there.

3 Of that fold the doors stand open,  
And its rest each one may win;  
For the welcome of the Master  
Greeteth all who enter in;  
Then will be the happy meetings  
With the lambs that went before,—  
One blest fold and one dear Shepherd,  
Safe at home forevermore



## Jesus, King of Glory.

E. HARLAND.

A. LOWE.

1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der  
 2. On this day of glad - ness, Bending low the knee, In thine earthly  
 3. For the lit - tle chil - dren, Who have come to thee; For the glad, bright

Sav - iour, Hear thy children cry; Par - don our trans - gressions, Cleanse us  
 tem - ple, Lord, we worship thee; Cel - e - brate thy good - ness, Mer - cy,  
 spir - its Who thy glo - ry see; For the loved ones rest - ing In thy

from our sin; By thy Spir - it help us Heav'nly life to win.  
 grace, and truth, All thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heedless youth.  
 dear em - brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold thy face.

## REFRAIN.

Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky,

## Jesus, King of Glory.—Concluded.



4 For thy faithful servants,  
Who have entered in;  
For thy fearless soldiers,  
Who have conquered sin;  
For the countless legions,  
Who have followed thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory.

5 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, thy way;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day:  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful,  
Palms and crowns of life.

112

## New Year Hymn.

S. C. CLARKE.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



2 This the holy lesson  
On the year's first day;  
Jesus by obedience  
Teaches to obey.  
3 Of thy cross, thus early,  
Tokens thou dost give,  
By thy wounds thou healest,  
By thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,  
Jesus, didst thou come,  
But to leave us way-marks  
Pointing to our home.  
5 In thy blessed footsteps  
Ever may we tread;  
Safe when keeping near thee,  
By thy Spirit led.

## To and Fro, To and Fro.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they  
 2. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they  
 3. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they

go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Here and there, ev-ery-  
 go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! We will tell, we will  
 go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Thro' the world, thro' the

where, joy-ous songs we're sing- ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, hap- py  
 tell of the won-drous sto - ry, While we raise songs of praise to our  
 world, do- ing an - gel's du - ty, Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in

## REFRAIN.

tones are ring - ing. }  
 Lord in glo - ry. } To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle  
 an - gel beau - ty. }

## To and Fro, To and Fro. —Concluded.

children, As they go, as they go; bus - y march of bus - y feet.

114

## America.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - ery mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# 115 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea- gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,

His blood- red ban- ner streams a- far—Who fol-lows in his train?  
 Who saw his mas- ter in the sky, And called on him to save,

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o- ver pain,  
 Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

Who pa- tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?

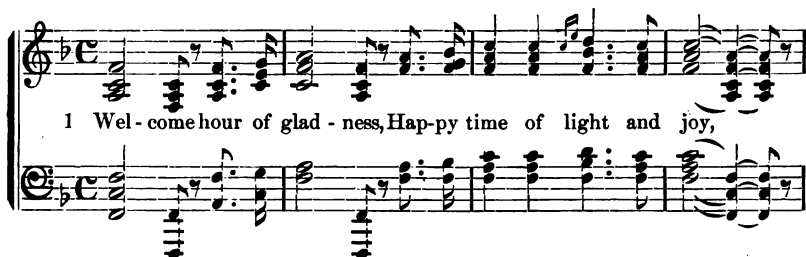
3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
 On whom the Spirit came:  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
 knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame;  
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane;  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:  
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed;  
 They climbed the steep ascent of  
 heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain;  
 O God, to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

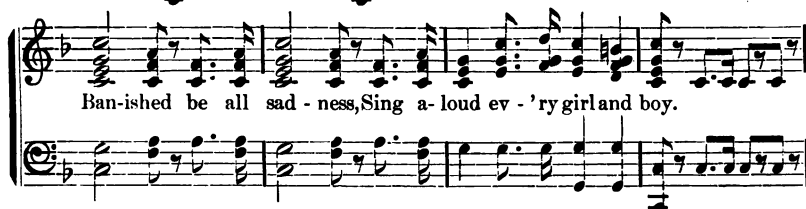
## Anniversary Song.

A. J. R.

GOUNOD.

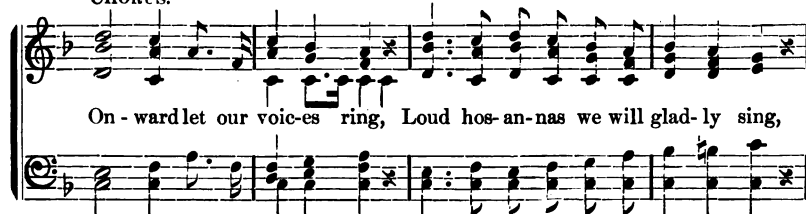


1 Wel - come hour of glad - ness, Hap - py time of light and joy,

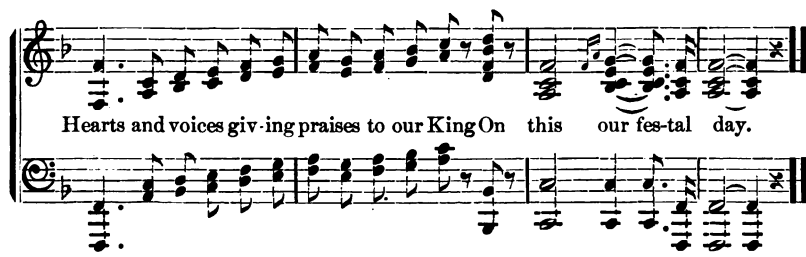


Ban - ished be all sad - ness, Sing a - loud ev - 'ry girl and boy.

## CHORUS.



On - ward let our voic - es ring, Loud hos - an - nas we will glad - ly sing,



Hearts and voices giv - ing praises to our King On this our fes - tal day.

2 Farewell year of blessing,  
Which has now in mercy ended,  
Hear Lord our confessing,  
Grant forgiveness divine to send.

H

3 All hail year before us,  
May its hours to God be given,  
Then grateful the chorus  
Shall arise from the earth to heaven.

## Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

T. J. PORTER.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers  
 2. Jesus, Lord and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing  
 3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-torious  
 4. Then with saints and angels May we join a-bove, Off'ring pray'rs and praises

To their home on high; Marching thro' the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,  
 See thy children meet; Oft-en have we left thee, Oft-en gone a-stray;  
 O-ver ev-'ry foe: Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower,  
 At thy throne of love; When the toil is o-ver, Then come rest and peace,

CHORUS.


Still with hearts unit-ed, Singing on our way.  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way. } Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last, dread hour.  
 Je-sus in his beau-ty, Songs that never cease.

Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

## I'm a Little Pilgrim.

JOHN CURWEN.

BERTHOLD TOURS.




1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran - ger here;



Tho' this world is pleas - ant, Sin is al - ways near.

CHORUS.



Je - sus loves our pil - grim band; He will lead us by the hand,



Lead us to the bet - ter land, To our home on high.

- 2 Mine's a better country,  
Where there is no sin,  
Where the tones of sorrow  
Never enter in.
- 3 But a little pilgrim  
Must have garments clean,  
If he'd wear the white robes,  
And with Christ be seen.

- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,  
Teach me to obey;  
Holy Spirit, guide me  
On my heavenly way.
- 5 I'm a little pilgrim,  
And a stranger here,  
But my home in heaven  
Cometh ever near.



119

## Praise Him, Praise Him.

Anon.

Adapted by M. R.

1. Praise him, praise him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,  
 2. Love him, love him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,

He is love, he is love, Praise him, praise him,  
 He is love, he is love, Love him, love him,

all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, he is love.  
 all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, he is love.

3 ||: Serve him, serve him, all ye little | 4 ||: Crown him, crown him, all ye little  
 children, children,  
 He is love, he is love.:|| He is love, he is love.:||

120

## Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Indian Air.

1. { There is a hap - py land Far, far a - way, }  
 { Where saints in glo - ry stand Bright, bright as day; }

## Happy Land.—Concluded.

Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Worth - y is our  
Sav - iour King," Loud let his prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!

121

## St. Agnes.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

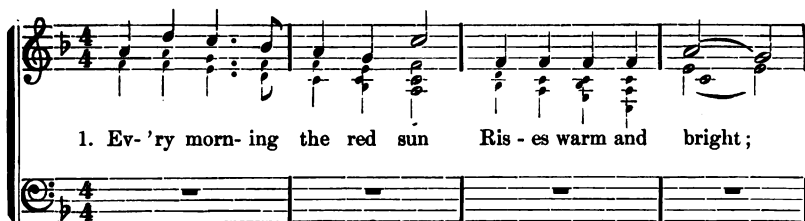
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flowers:  
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.  
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heavenly land from ours.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,<br/>Stand dressed in living green;<br/>So to the Jews old Canaan stood,<br/>While Jordan rolled between.</p> | <p>4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,<br/>And view the landscape o'er,—<br/>Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood<br/>Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|---|--|

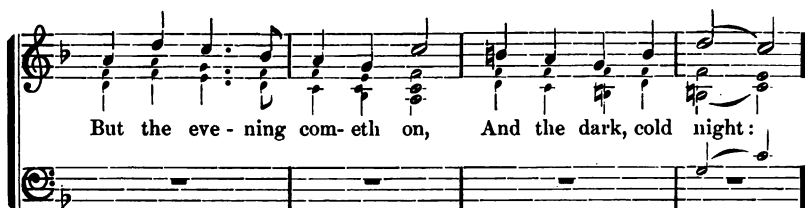
## Every Morning the Red Sun.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

J. ADCOCK.

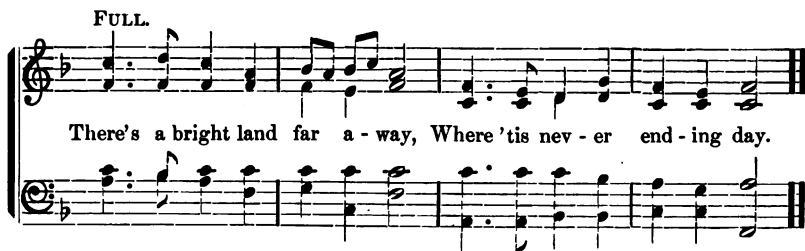


1. Ev-'ry morn-ing the red sun Ris-es warm and bright;



But the eve-ning com-eth on, And the dark, cold night:

FULL.



There's a bright land far a-way, Where 'tis nev-er end-ing day.

2 Every spring the sweet, young flowers  
Open bright and gay,  
Till the chilly autumn hours  
Wither them away;  
There's a land we have not seen,  
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise  
All the summer long,  
But in colder, shorter days  
They forget their song;  
There's a place where angels sing  
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near  
Those who follow him;  
But we cannot see him here,  
For our eyes are dim;  
There is a most happy place,  
Where men always see his face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?  
All who love the right;  
Holy children there shall stand  
In their robes of white;  
For that heaven, so bright and blest,  
Is our everlasting rest.

M. R.

Adapted by M. R.

1. Far a-way a blessed country Waits for ev-er more, Ma-ny wea-ry

travellers Have reached that heav'nly shore ; There the fields are fairer far Than

an - y earth can show, Trees cast cooling shadows, And sweet flowers grow.

2 Lo, with arms outstretched to greet,  
Our loving Shepherd stands,  
Tenderly the lambs he calleth  
To those heavenly lands ;  
There within a fold eternal,  
Danger cannot come,  
All who enter in have found  
A blessed home.

3 Sorrow ne'er shall enter there  
And crying is not known,  
Happiness awaits us more  
Than ever earth hath shown :  
Grant us, Lord, at last to meet  
With thee and those we love,  
To live forevermore in that  
Blest home above.

## Hymn for Memorial Day.

ANNA M. PRATT.

Adapted by M. R.

1. Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est flow - ers, North and

The first system of the hymn is written in 6/8 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est flow - ers, North and".

South and East and West, Bring the flow'rs you love the

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "South and East and West, Bring the flow'rs you love the".

best, Lay them where the sol - diers rest; Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est

The third system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "best, Lay them where the sol - diers rest; Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est".

flow'rs In mem'ry of the gift they gave, Ev - ry no - ble man and

The fourth system of the hymn concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "flow'rs In mem'ry of the gift they gave, Ev - ry no - ble man and".

## Hymn for Memorial Day.—Concluded.

*ff* *un poco rit.* *p*  
 brave..... Whosleeps with - in a sol - dier's grave.

125

Patmos.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

English.

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of chil-dren stand ;

Chil - dren, whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly, hap-py band.

Singing glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God, on high.

- 2 What brought them to that world above, | 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
 That heaven so bright and fair,— To wash away their sin ;  
 Where all is peace and joy and love? Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
 How came those children there? Behold them white and clean !

## 1

## Chant for Easter.

R. FARRANT.

Christ is risen from the dead,  
For since by man came death,  
For as in Adam all died,  
And became the first - fruits of them that slept.  
By man came also the resurrec - tion of the dead.  
Even so in Christ shall all be made a - live. A - men.

## 2

## The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hal - lowed be thy name.  
Give us this day our dai - ly bread.  
And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil:  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heav'n.  
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors.  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever, A - men.

## 3

## The Beatitudes.

Unknown.

1. Blessed are the | poor | in | Spirit ||

for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven | A - men.

2. Blessed are | they that | mourn || for | they shall be | comfort- | ed.
3. Blessed | are the | meek || for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after | right-eous- | ness || for | they— | shall be | filled.
5. Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || for | they shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
6. Blessed are the | pure in | heart || for | they shall | see— | God.
7. Blessed are the | peace— | makers || for they shall be called the | children | of— | God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous-ness' | sake || for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9. Blessed are, ye when men shall revile you and | perse-cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil against you | false-ly | for my sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your re- | ward in | heaven || for so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be— | fore you. Amen.

## 4

## Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world without | end. | A— | men.



## Acrostic Chants.

These chants may be used separately, or together after the children have learned the verses.

H. H. C.

**J**

Jesus said unto him, "If thou wilt be perfect, Go and

sell, that thou hast, and give to the poor and

thou shalt have treasure in heaven.

W. RUSSELL.

**E**

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and

## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

cast in - to the fire.

Dr. Boyce.

Save me, O God, by thy name and judge me

by thy strength, Save me, O God, by thy name,

and judge me by thy strength.

## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

U

Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that

The first system of the acrostic chant 'U' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is on a treble staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are 'Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that'.

dwel-est in the heavens.

The second system of the acrostic chant 'U' continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'dwel-est in the heavens.'.

DEAN ALDRICH.

S

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him

The first system of the acrostic chant 'S' is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is on a treble staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him'.

while..... he is near.

The second system of the acrostic chant 'S' continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'while..... he is near.'.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

Dr. CROTCH.

**C**

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heav - y laden, and I will

give you rest.

H. H. C.

**H**

Him that com - eth un - to me, I will in no.....

wise cast out.

## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

**R**

Re - joyce in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is come-ly, is

come - ly for the up-right.

Dr. WOODWARD.

**I**

I love them that love me, and they that seek me

ear - ly shall find me.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

**S**

Sure - ly good-ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me

all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the

house of the Lord for - ev - er.

Rev. Dr. F. A. G. OUSELEY.

**T**

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in thy paths. A-men.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Save thy people and bless thine inheritance."—Psalm 28 : 9.

H. H. C.

**S**

Show us thy mer - cy, O..... Lord, and

grant us thy sal - va - tion.

H. H. C.

**A**

A soft..... an - swer turn - eth a - way wrath, but griev - ous

words stir up an - ger.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Vain is the help of man."

H. H. C.

**V**

Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, I say un - to you,

he that be - liev - eth, he that be - liev - eth on me

hath ev - er - last - ing life.

Anon.

**I**

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills; I will



## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

lift up mine eyes to the hills; I will lift up mine eyes to the

hills, from whence cometh my help.

"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

H. H. C.

0

O come let us sing un - to the Lord, let us

*ritard.*

make a joy - ful noise to the rock of our sal - va - tion, O

## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

come let us sing un - to the Lord.

"Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and Saviour."

H. H. C.

**U**

Un - to you is born this day in the cit - y of Da-vid, a

Sav - iour which is Christ the Lord.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

**R**

Return, O Lord, deliv-er my soul, O save me for thy mer-cy's sake.

Sing:—"Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." No. 39.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

*Allegro.*

**L**

Let not your heart be troubl- ed, ye be- lieve in God, be-

lieve al- so in me.

H. H. C.

*Andante.*

**A**

As the hart pant-eth af-ter the wa-ter brooks, so pant-eth my

soul af-ter thee, O God.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

**M**

My sheep,..... hear my voice, and..... they

fol - low me.

H. H. C.

**B**

Bear ye one an - oth - ers bur - dens, and

so ful - fill the law of Christ.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

**O**

O come let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy-ful

noise to the Rock of our sal - va - tion, O come let us sing un -

to the Lord.

H. H. C.

**F**

For our heart shall re-joice in him, be - cause we have

## Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

trusted in his ho - ly name.

DR. JOHN RANDALL.

G

God so loved the world, that he gave his on - ly be - got - ten

Son, that whosoever be - lieveth on him should not perish, but

have ever - last - ing life.

# Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

**O**

O give thanks un - to the Lord, for he is good, for his

mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er.

H. H. C.

**D**

De - part from e - vil and do good, seek peace and pur -

sue it.

## Acrostic Chants.—Concluded.



Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb of God, which

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.



tak - eth a - way the sins of the world, which

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.



tak - eth a - way the sins of the world. A - men.

The third system of music concludes the chant. It includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking above the final notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.





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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 12.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office of National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to develop services that meet the needs of older people, and the importance of ensuring that older people are able to live independently in their own homes for as long as possible. This has led to a number of initiatives aimed at improving the lives of older people, including the development of new services and the improvement of existing services. One of the key areas of focus is the development of services that support older people to live independently in their own homes. This includes a range of services, from home care to housing adaptations, and from day care to respite care.

One of the key challenges in developing services for older people is the need to ensure that services are tailored to the needs of older people. This means that services must be designed to meet the needs of older people in terms of their physical, mental, and social needs. For example, services must be designed to meet the needs of older people in terms of their physical needs, such as their need for mobility aids and home adaptations. Services must also be designed to meet the needs of older people in terms of their mental needs, such as their need for social contact and stimulation.

Another key challenge in developing services for older people is the need to ensure that services are accessible to older people. This means that services must be designed to be accessible to older people in terms of their physical, mental, and social needs. For example, services must be designed to be accessible to older people in terms of their physical needs, such as their need for mobility aids and home adaptations. Services must also be designed to be accessible to older people in terms of their mental needs, such as their need for social contact and stimulation.

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